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ART. I.—THE SWORD IN ETHICS.

1. *The Non-Resistance Principle.* By CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Boston: R. F. Wallcut.
2. *Non-Resistance applied to the Internal Defence of a Community.* By CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Boston: R. F. Wallcut.
3. *Essays on the Principles of Morality.* By JONATHAN DYMOND. London.
4. *Life of Sir Henry Havelock.* By REV. WILLIAM BROCK. London.

THAT Nature is no non-resistant would seem to be clear at a glance. Every one of her laws is a force, and cuts its own way, with never a "By your leave," nor the least offer to desist in case of objection made. Observe also that, on the large scale and in the long run, no creature is permitted to live which cannot secure life to itself. The class, the genus, the species, that lacks vigor to support and protect itself, ceases from off the earth. For mutual succors and reciprocations of aid, the broadest provision is indeed made; an immense scheme of interdependence is arranged, wherein each individual has need of many others and is needed by many; and it is more or less the virtue of all creatures, pre-eminently it is the virtue of man, to enter with spirit and heartiness into this plan of co-operation: nevertheless, taking creatures *by kinds*, it is the inexorable rule, that those which cannot make good a place for themselves shall have no place.

Consequently, in the construction of any creature, Nature

has always in mind the thought of self-preservation, commonly of direct self-defence; and works this into its organization. And of excess in this direction there would seem to be little apprehension. What an armory of weapons,—what claws, tusks, horns, fangs, venoms! One cannot say that she seems at all nice about the matter, at all afflicted with scruples; for she rather parades than hides these provisions, and bestows her defences with a savage liberality and heartiness that gentle eyes shrink from inspecting too closely.

The question will naturally arise, Does not Nature desist from this portion of her plan upon arrival at man? And the question would seem to derive occasion from the obvious fact that man is furnished with no ostensible and exclusive weapon of defence. True it is that he has no special weapon; but why? Because he is to command the use of all. In this apparent deprivation there is moreover a definite purpose, one that Nature has always very dearly at heart,—that, namely, of compelling man to an exercise of his understanding; she makes self-preservation a mental discipline, and will allow her best-beloved to be safe only as he is intelligent. This is but one of many instances wherein she does the same. Man is stored with wants, whose supply demands invention, forecast, skill, self-control, and, in fine, a certain supremacy of intellect and will; and he is a little impoverished in respect to ordinary animal resources, that he may find a fountain of ampler wealth in his higher faculties. One might, therefore, as properly argue against clothing from the nakedness of man's cuticle, as against his use of weapons from his want of fangs and claws. But the above question has a broader and more sufficient answer. Nature *never does* abandon any leading idea. She pursues invariable themes, that range from depth to height through the total extent of her creations. In the degree of specialization indeed, in the degree of refinement, delicacy, and power, with which these themes are developed, there is difference of immeasurable scope. Thus, to illustrate, music is one and the same always in that which defines it as music; but the instruments by which it may be expressed range from an oaten straw to a church organ or grand piano; while the minds of various composers may be



regarded as more subtile and generative instruments, in like manner developing, with various degrees of purity and power, the ideal fact of music. Instances of Nature's adherence to leading conceptions are indeed never few to seek. The tree form has not been forgotten, nor laid aside, in building the human body. The nervous system has so nearly the form of an inverted tree, that a drawing forces the resemblance upon the dullest eye; and the sanguineous system shows the same form, though with less precision of likeness. Nay, as Lord Bacon was perhaps the first to hint, what is the human body, as a whole, but a tree with its feeding and governing part in the air,—the head being the spiritual, the mouth the ingesting root,—while the trunk, like that of the tree, branches into limbs, and the limbs at their extremities branch farther into fingers and toes, as those of the tree into twigs?

At first sight, it does not seem pleasant to think of man as an inverted tree, some painfulness being suggested; but we soon discover that the real inversion is in the case of the tree itself, its allegiance to the mere earth being affirmed by this imbedment of its *head* in the soil. Its inspiration comes from the dark centres of the physical world, from the realms of opacity; only its results or tendencies look upward. Man lifts his root upwards, asserting thereby his filial relationship to the skies,—that is, to the universe as a whole; while the downward-reaching limbs, bearing no flower or foliage, suggest no downward tendency, but lend themselves humbly to the spherul and all-related head. This is digression, but has its use in vindicating the instances chosen, and the law they illustrate.

It were easy to multiply these instances of unity of working, but one more must suffice; that, however, is rendered emphatic by the wide separation of its terms. In the tree and the human body, representing fairly enough the extremes of life upon our globe, we find likeness of design; but if we go back as far as to the solar system on the one hand, and forward to the human spirit on the other, an equal likeness will appear. For the centripetal and centrifugal forces, in virtue of whose co-working worlds revolve, hold a position in man's nature not less primal and commanding than in the solar system. The

great central religious attraction binds man ineffably to the ineffable One-in-all, and in the lower form of social sentiment holds him fast and forever to the heart of his kind; and there is no atheist nor worldling, no solitary nor cynic, who is insensible to it: the sentiment of unity works, and works with mastery, in all, though with interpretations more or less noble. But, on the other hand, there is a tendency in every man to put forth and assert his peculiar life, to go out, as it were, upon straight lines of individual demonstration; and this, as all must see, corresponds precisely to the centrifugal tendency of planets.

Nature holds to her themes; and accordingly, having once found the idea of self-defence in her hands, we may be sure that it is never cast aside. With higher organizations there are higher expressions of every leading thought; and therefore, on arriving at man, we discover that the provisions for defence partake of the general elevation, and are, for the most part, much removed from a beastly simplicity of biting and scratching. For physical defence, man is weaponed in part by the immediate powers and cunning of the hand, but far more by that command of natural forces which the finer cunning of understanding confers upon him. For subtler encounters he is more subtly armed. In every eye is a dagger, — here bold, aggressive, piratical, — there gently withdrawn, and softly sheathed, but still there, and with a point. Some voices are not simply defensive, but offensive, — a perpetual assault and battery: but in every voice should be a possible *cut*; and if we miss this metallic force and edge, it sounds *doughy* and insipidly soft. Every one has heard voices with a whole park of artillery in them, though they might not be loud, nor in any degree robbed of human sweetness. Thus is man weaponed thoroughly, — body for the defence of body, and mind, through its more subtile and expressive agents, for the defence of mind.

Since, however, he possesses a higher order of weapons, why should he not trust to these alone for protection? The answer is easy. In all defences you necessarily use a weapon not only fit for you, as a man, to employ, but appropriate also to the foe or danger that threatens you. In every action a certain respect is paid to the uses had in view. He is insane who

addresses sounds to the eye, or sights to the ear, or scents to the general touch; and sanity consists to no small degree in the ability to pay this constant respect to objects and uses. When Don Quixote attacks the windmills, and when the little girl in the fable attempts reasoning with a wolf, there is lawful exertion of powers, but not due recognition of character in the object. Now no one (this side India) prohibits the expenditure of powder and ball upon wolves; therefore no one thinks the rifle an instrument whose use is intrinsically unsuitable to man. The only question accordingly will be this: Is ever a fellow-man one of those foes against whom mortal defences may be turned? The answer is, that whenever a man is a wolf, as too many men are, then weapon against wolf is weapon against him. But here will come the retort, that to call men wolves is a mere piece of rhetoric, and beneath use in serious discussion. Let us see. What is a wolf? or, in other words, what is that fact in the wolf-nature which of right exposes the creature to odium and deadly assault? Not the fact that he is a four-footed animal of the canine family; but simply that he is a *lawless depredator and destroyer*, a soldier of chaos, opposed to a human order of things in the world. It is not against shapes of creatures that we fight; it is not shapes of creatures that we should spare; we fight only against lawless destruction, against chaos; and to destroy aught but destruction, or to fail of warring upon this, is a shame and a wickedness. There is a certain narrowness and rigidity of regard in making overmuch of these distinctions of quadruped and biped, and one should take care that his sympathy do not get imprisoned in the formulas of nature more than in those of man. Moral altitude has a lawful supremacy, whether for praise or condemnation, over all this mere symbolism of form; for that is the fact which form only *aims* to signify. Accordingly, to term the lawless destroyer a wolf, is no boyish vagueness of rhetoric, but strict accuracy of speech; for here the deeper community of nature overrides, as it should, the more outward distinction of form. The wolf is shot, not as a *beast*, but as a *beast of prey*; and the men of prey are in the same category with him in the fulness of that fact, which alone condemns him to death. It is the habits and purposes, not the anatomy, against



which the sword is turned; it is base and bloody dispositions that justify the recriminations of battle; and wolf is wolf to us only as he is a murderer of the flock; and man is man to us only as he is human, not inhuman.

We have, indeed, precisely the same argument for the defence of the body by physical force as for its nourishing by material aliment. Man lives not by bread alone, nor protects himself by the hand alone; yet the same who said, "He that drinketh of the water that I give him shall never thirst," was mocked at as a wine-bibber for his continual and genial presence at feasts; and as the fact of a nobler nutrition should not banish the dinner-table, so that of a higher resistance should not tie the hands.

But Nature has added to these general provisions the force of a special commandment. Nature's ordinances are instincts, and to her every creature is a Sinai. But who knows not that the instinct of the human race points undividedly to defence of your own person and rights, and still more, and with added dignity, to protection of those whom Nature has left in some degree defenceless,—of babes and children, of disabled persons, of weak minorities, and (with some timidity we add) of women? Moreover, muscular resources are specially provided to meet the demands of this instinct. There was never a man who, upon seeing a child subjected to outrage, or a woman brutally assaulted, did not feel the tides of force streaming toward his hands, and doubling their strength; the bidding of the highest authority to interfere, and the power to interfere with efficacy, burn along every artery, thrill down every sinew; and who shall gainsay them? Who shall gainsay, unless he be prepared to show that Nature is superfluous, irrational, wicked? Who shall gainsay, and yet confess that she is infinitely wise and sure, and man and the world rightly builded?

"But these instincts, though actual, are brutal." This objection has been already met; yet here is occasion to say that this poor word *brutal* suffers no little maltreatment,—its merely rhetorical use being reflected to an overshadowing degree upon its more proper signification. The implication is, that there exists in man an entire category of powers and

impulses, made only to be eradicated, — designed originally for treatment with caustic potash. "Brutal," that is, natural instincts, as every one at this late day should know, are — in their way, time, place, natural degree, and lawful subordination — not only respectable, but sacred, and endowed with unspeakable authority. Hunger and thirst are "brutal"; but they tell truly that man is to eat and drink, and they point, in the main, to their legitimate satisfactions, — that is, hunger not at water, nor thirst to a dry biscuit. In a rhetorical use of language, we call those actions or impulses of men brutal which are *unnaturally* base, fierce, or obscene; that is, we indicate the *aversion* of an instinct from its lawful course. But it is a strange arguing crab-wise, to infer from this piece of mere accommodation in speech, that whatsoever instincts man has in common with brutes are bad, — in other words, that a part of his *nature* is unnatural, — a portion of his instincts wrong, not by their crooked and unseasonable, but by straightforward and timely action.

In truth, natural instincts and impulses are in themselves destitute of moral content; they are simply vehicles for the conveyance of whatever freight, good or bad, sweet or unwholesome, may be bestowed upon them. Kings and beggars travel on the same road. The sword is ever the same; but either heaven or hell may lay hand to its hilt. Even the simplest self-preservation, and secured by use of the same simple means, differs in character in different cases to the last stretch of unlikeness.

A story is told of a Puritan mother, who, alone in her hut on the skirt of the forest, saw the savage prowling for the scalp of her golden-haired child, then sleeping before her. She was a tender and susceptible woman, with a horror of instruments of death hitherto unconquerable. Her husband had often sought to instruct her in the management of the rifle, that she might be the more safe in his absence; but her shrinking would not be overcome, though she had, half unconsciously, kept some observant side-glances upon him during his handling of the weapon. But in this peril of her babe, the woman's nature seemed wholly to change. She barred door and window, and in the venerable hardihood of

love took down the loaded rifle from its rest, her nerves firm as those of a veteran hunter about to shoot his ordinary game. She saved her child and her own life. In a strong man, the act would have been a matter of course. In her, it was one of heroism, faith, religion.

It may be said that the she-tiger would do as much. Well, what if this were true? So much the better for the tigress! All that brutes do, as has already been urged, is not in the opprobrious sense brutal; else the fidelity of the dog to his fallen master, and many a piece of quadruped holiness and heroism, would fall under ban. But, after all, the cases are in no degree parallel. The tigress has no tender, shrinking nerves to be informed by love with a hardihood not their own; no horror of bloodshed; no gentle charities and sweet reluctances; but glares fury from her sullen eyes by mere enhancement of her usual mood. The instinct of resistance, then, has just that dignity which is afforded by the affections that support and surround it; and there may be love and pity in blows, when there is treachery in kisses.

It is, however, asserted—and were it true, all further argument would be cut off—that human life is inviolable, that it can under no circumstances be touched without blame. Is, however, more than a moment's inspection requisite, to make clear the contrary? If a man swallow arsenic, does Nature say, "Human life is inviolable," and therewith dismiss him without consequences? Nature takes life in mere fidelity to physiological law: can human life be amenable to this, and not amenable to the more sacred law of justice? Nature draws her line and says, "On the one side is life, and on the other death": may not justice, speaking by the hearts and working by the hands of innocent men, in like manner draw her bounds, and utter her solemn warning, "Pass this limit, and you pass forbearance"? It may be said that there is no parity between these cases. No parity? Nature may commission the stone with the discharge of her supreme purposes, with the administration and vindication of her weightiest laws, but man she may not honor with an equal trust? Man, who is her consummate and central expression, in whom, as a comprehensive and articulate symbol, she has poured out



and uttered her whole heart; whom, by endowing him with reason, conscience, choice, she has made her steward, and taken into her confidence, — he forsooth, is less intrusted with the use of penalties and enforcement of laws than agents that are wholly blind, that between fool and sage, between saint and caitiff, cannot choose! We think otherwise.

Of course, dissent is here intimated from the *ordinary* argument against capital punishment, — from the dogma that society has no lawful power over the lives of its members. Every one must indeed covet deliverance from the practice of such penalties; but let them be set aside, if at all, for other and better reasons; this one is radically vicious. For, on the contrary, the state and every social body is bound by sacred obligations to indicate, and to indicate with emphasis, a more precious estimation of justice, freedom, and the honor and innocence of man and woman, than of mere physical life, or of property, or of aught else; and failing flagrantly to do this, it is erelong weighed in the balances, and found wanting.

But perhaps the final intrenchment of the extreme upholders of peace is found in the doctrine of Plato, that evil must not be rendered for evil, or in the stronger demand of the New Testament, which is also that of Marcus Antoninus, that good shall be rendered for evil, and enmity met only with love. Very clear it is, indeed, that the good man will do good, and not evil, — not evil, but good, to all men, and under all circumstances; which is the same as to say that the sun will give out light, and not darkness, and the rose shed sweet, and not noisome odors. He is good to none who is not so to all; and he is so to all who is, in the best sense, good to one; for none can be, in the deepest sense, good in action, who is not such in essence; while he that is good intrinsically must needs express this essential quality in all actions and relations whatsoever. And, to say truth, one need not be very deeply instructed in rectitude, nor very powerfully swayed by goodwill, to rise beyond all imagination of doing essential harm to any in revenge of private injury; and the least proclivity to this egotism is rather what a decent soul should blush to feel, than plume itself upon wanting.

But what is a doing evil? To confront perfidy with peril,

is that evil? To apply the great laws of retribution, is this a doing of evil? If so, *the universe itself is chargeable with guiltiness*; for of the universe it is, as all men see, the law, that danger, danger to life and limb, danger to the top of menace, *shall* confront iniquity. Either therefore the universe is in fault, or the principle of making wrong-doing dangerous to the wrong-doer stands vindicated.

In truth, it is the crime itself, not the pains and penalties which oppose it, that is hurtful to the criminal. It is among the fundamental axioms of Plato, — and of morals, — that to do wrong is the worst which can befall any man; next worst it is, not to be directly punished for the wrong, having done it. In like manner we may say that he is among the most miserable who has made up his mind to an evil deed; but yet more miserable is he if he prosper in his undertaking. The better success in baseness one has, the worse success he has. Prosperity in crime is failure in life, and the very flowering of disaster. If the ship be not wrecked that has put finally from port laden with fiends' freight, what escape for her crew? For him who sails resolutely hellward, heaven lies at the bottom of the sea. Destroying storm is his only fair weather; the heavens can smile upon him but by their blackness, and bless him only as they blow ruin in his face; and the billows that rise white in wrath and leap for his life are surges of his happier destiny.

The highest service that we can ever render a human being is so to breed and incite him to virtue, that flagitious thoughts shall be foreign from his heart; next to this, the highest service lies in so bringing home good considerations to one's mind, as to dissuade him from carrying into act an evil intent, though it have been harbored in his bosom; but these being excluded, the only remaining service consists in opposing with impassable barriers a wicked will, to which considerations of reason and right are no barrier. Should it therefore at any time become your office to withhold success by force from accursed purposes, be sure that, though you are compelled to meet them with the most biting, inexorable edge of resistance, you still bless where you smite, and are infinitely kinder to the culprit than he to himself. And whenever men shall arise

resolute beyond persuasion to banish justice, to enchain freedom, and slaughter innocence, then charity toward them, no less than championship of the right, houses only in the edge of the sword ; and whoever whets this to a subduing sharpness gives point and prevailing to mercy at the same time. The hindrance, accordingly, which arrests a villain's course, however poignant and seeming fatal, can never be so fatal as an indulgence of the vicious will which makes him a villain, — never be fatal at all in the same deep and fearful sense. It is the *vis a tergo*, it is the Devil's push from within and behind, that, while seeming to favor, really slays him ; and you who, by the necessary means, resist him, are really fighting on his side, — you are with him against his demons. Justice befriends all, even the unjust whom she condemns and tramples under her feet ; nor is there any creature in the universe to whom she is not favorable. Moreover, Justice is one and the same with the deep and most real nature of every man ; and therefore to confront any one with her weapons, and pierce him with needful sharp persuasions of her sovereignty, is to be in alliance with all in him that is *man*. As physicians create an irritation on the surface to counteract congestion or inflammation of vital organs within, so he that meets with hurt the destroying hands of wickedness delivers from peril and oppression the deeper life. It is an act of truest comity. When a great fire occurs in the woods, the only way, says Mr. Thoreau, to subdue it, is to select a suitable place on the line of its advance, clear the leaves carefully away, and set counter-fires ; and those who thus contend against it, though in kindling fires where none were before they might seem the enemies of the forest, are manifestly its friends. So you who set fires in front of conflagrant crime are, under the semblance of destroying, in reality vanquishing destruction.

To remove, therefore, any one of the perils *necessary* to hold in check incipient iniquity, is cruelty most of all just there where it is commonly esteemed a kindness. For, in the absence of this effectual remonstrance, the thought of wickedness becomes a deed, the deed a habit, the habit confirmed and tyrannical. The hope of impunity is the nurse of crime, and one success breeds a thousand attempts. We therefore



betray our brother, bearing to him fruits meet, not for love, but for malevolence, when we make it safe, or less than utterly unsafe, for him to become a villain; and society is merciless to every one who may be tempted toward malignant aims and murderous deeds, if it fail to pronounce and remonstrate against the same with its keenest prohibition, with its total and extreme force.

But the objection will surely be made, that, since prevention of the crime destroys not the intention, it can confer no benefit upon him by whom the criminal intent is cherished. But is it a correct assumption on which this objection rests? Is it true that forcible hindrance of crime avails only against the overt act, and does nothing to abate the purpose? Assuredly not true. In fact, no purpose, lawful or unlawful, is ever definitely formed, save under the expectation of opportunity. No man purposes to sail up Niagara, or to walk to Australia. Wall up the doors of opportunity, not by penalties and coercions alone, not by these chiefly, but by these as accessory to other prohibitions, and you stifle criminal wishes ere they can become aims. For if evil wishes cannot ripen into resolutions, they perish; since all wishes begin to die so soon as they are not fanned by expectation. There is no nature in which evil can feed itself. It must promise itself an issue in deed, and a good thereby to be gained, or it cannot survive. The acorn is an acorn; but keep it out of the sod, and it will never become an oak, and in due time will lose its germinal power.

Nor is the benefit conferred by suppression of evil wishes merely negative. There is no nature so barren of seeds of worthiness, none so slow to virtue, but it will at length bring forth its tardy crop of good, if only the seeds of ill be not suffered to grow. The force of body which is now turned to the nourishment of a malignant tumor will go to the production of healthy tissue, if the tumor can be effectually removed. There is in most men a vast deal of indifferent force, which will go up or down, according as it finds avenues open. Yonder inveterate slave-trader, who, shaken now these many years as it were in sieves of hell, is sifted clean of love and pity, of remorse for his own evil and respect for others' good,—

who can think that it would have been quite the same with him, had he in early life, when first he began to meditate turning devil, been met by a prohibition he dared not encounter? Those malignants of the South who had long been diligently sowing treason and tyranny, and have now seen it spring up under their fostering care in wide-spread murder,—what has brought them to the present pass? Only their full belief that Northern men were too cowardly and too avaricious to withstand them. Had they known twenty or thirty years ago that justice and freedom would never be bartered by us for gold, and that, when persuasion and forbearance were outworn, we should prove ourselves masters of sterner arts, then not only would this insurrection never have broken out, but thousands of men, of whom it has made butchers and pirates, would have been lovers of good order, and might even have been lovers of liberty. O that a score of years ago they could have seen the edge of the sword that gleams against them now! that they could have looked into these peaceful Northern bosoms, and discovered the stern principle and steely courage that lay hidden there! They thought us cowards, and the thought made them villains. They thought God's-earnest wanting from our hearts; and thereupon devil's-earnest matured in theirs. And the evil of this is seen not alone in the blazing calamity of war, but still more in the mad wishes which were thus allowed to spring up in the bosoms of Southern men; in the accursed ambitions to which these ripened; and in the epidemic perversion of private sentiment and public tendency which finally resulted. Tendencies are the lords of history and masters of effects. Before the traitorous tides that now run in Southern hearts we have seen such men as John Bell and Sam Houston go down,—swept in, and borne helplessly away. And before a traitorous and tyrannous tendency, of which these are but the later effects, men have been so falling there for many years. Meantime nothing can be more sure than that, save for the want of some wholesome terrors, this false tendency would never have been established, and worthier aspirations would have occupied those whom it has now led astray.

Thus, to conclude this branch of the subject, we have

sought to show that the protection of the head and heart by the hands — that the conservation of all spiritual and social wealths by the quelling of barbarous aggression and the coercive contradiction of crime — is justified by the universal order and economy of Nature; that in the bosoms of all men the sacred bidding of Nature strengthens this privilege into obligation; that physical life has no such inviolability as forbids obedience to this behest; and that in justly obeying it we, so far from rendering evil for evil, are indeed rewarding evil with good, — are using the only method by which, under the circumstances assumed, base and mischievous men may be overshadowed with the hands of real and availing benediction. Times, therefore, may arrive when Mercy herself, sweet-hearted, heavenly Mercy, shall place the sword in our grasp, and bid us bear it not in vain; when love to enemies can reach its objects only as it inhabits the hands and goes forth in the heroic healing and balm of blows, — only, perchance, as it flames toward them from the rifle's muzzle or cannon's mouth; and when submission and forbearance, soft speeches and soothing of the palms, by their unintended flattery of tyrannous imaginations, shall bear all the fruits, though they want all the *animus*, of hate and injury. We affirm this, while forward and glad to confess that Mercy will commonly come bringing tender counsels; that love to enemies is oftenest shown by long-suffering and meekness, — by turning a cheek to the smiter, and yielding yet more to him who is already endowed beyond his due; that life is exceedingly precious, and not to be lightly taken; and that men err far more frequently by over suddenness of wrath and fierceness of demand for redress, than by excess of charitable delay and noble endurance of wrong. Yet the Italians and ourselves have erred otherwise; they to the Bourbons, and we to the slave-drivers, have yielded, not only to our own hurt, but to that of the tyrants themselves.

The doctrine which condemns as sin all physical resistance to outrage is probably not wide-spread, though some flavor of it is far more widely spread than is commonly supposed; yet ours is manifestly the epoch of the Peace Society; a feeling prevails, that war in the nineteenth century



is not only a moral, but an historical archaicism, and that the profession of arms can no longer be justified. Provisions for national defence have therefore in our country been made with a little shame and no little grudging; the army has been kept at a minimum, or below it; the navy received stinted support; militia soldiering been half frolic to those engaged in it, and more than half nuisance to many who did not; and the military life has found hardly more than mere toleration from the better part of American society. That our little army has been officered chiefly from the South is not the result of favoritism alone, but is also due in part to the displeasure, and almost contempt, with which the military profession has been regarded by men of culture and humanity at the North.

With the desire of peace it would seem that every man of right mind ought to sympathize, and that no one should say a word to delay the advent of that millennium, which, of course, is *always* near at hand! Yet there are discriminations to be made. There is a living, and there is a dead peace; the one obtaining place where justice prevails, the other where it is not even held precious; that where its supremacy is undisputed, this where it is undesired; the former indicates the highest health of nations, the latter their leprosy and lowest debasement. These stand to each other as yea and nay, as life and death, as heaven and hell; not to distinguish between them is to elect the worse; while to choose the true peace is so to deny and abhor the false, that war, with all its fearfulness, shall be incomparably less fearful. If, therefore, the Peace Society do not steadily perceive and proclaim that war is worthy of all good men's choice in comparison with this peace of perfidy and corruption, it becomes the patron of all that is inimical to the weal of men; and if it advocate in the terms of faith and conscience this treachery to all that is precious in civilization, then is it the very flower of a nation's rottenness. To make composition with chaos for the sake of ease, safety, gain; to call this traitorous pact by the sacred title of peace; and then to pray over the lie, — is but adding to whatsoever is basest and wickedest in action whatsoever is falsest and most

blasphemous in words. When, therefore, we say that peace is precious, let us mean that broad, established, intelligent *communion in justice*, broad common understandings for the best ends, are precious; and then our meaning will be one that the laws of the world can recognize as good. But if, on the contrary, our meaning be that justice is *less* precious than the outward circumstances of peace, and may with advantage be paid away in purchase of these, then are we not only renegade from right, which we intend to betray, but are traitors to Peace herself. It is no less an every-day truth than if the Bible did not intimate it, that peace follows after purity, and only as it is worthy can be enduring. There is a dead peace; but upon the heels of death treads decay, — decay and its soldier, the worm. No allegiance, therefore, to peace can there be, without due recognition of the fact that war, whenever it takes place in needful vindication of justice, is honorable, noble, sacred, *so far as the champions of justice are concerned*. Therefore, a Peace Society that respects outward peace only or chiefly is the very Judas of the time, not only selling God's justice for a price, but in the end hanging its cause and itself on a tree.

For wars in and of themselves we have no word either of praise or extenuation. Let them be hateful, not to mothers alone, as Horace has it, —

“ . . . . . bellaque matribus  
Detestata, . . . . . ”

but to all women and all men forever. But who extols the ocean storm? Praiseworthy, nevertheless, is the mariner that braves it. And praiseworthy in the same way is he who, when the red billows of battle lie between his time and that port of pure manners and just rule toward which all times must sail, launches thereon his bark, to sink or swim as the destinies permit. Wars are great *evils*; but barbarous tyranny, and the submissions that flatter and perpetuate it, are great *crimes*. And between evils and crimes there is but one choice.

But consider, further, the function of war as simply potential and preventive. “The Empire is Peace,” said Louis Napoleon; and a satirist offers the substitute, “War is Peace.” But in one important sense war is peace, — possible war is

the gage of actual peace. It is the alternative *Right or Fight* which secures right, and saves from the necessity of fighting. On this basis reposes the state, with every civil means of adjustment and redress. Legislature, jury, bench, the binding codes and rites that house nations and encircle the sanctities of homes, whatsoever secures men and women from perpetual liability to naked contact with savage passions and brutish apprehensions, — these, and all the priceless immunities of civilization, — all most slow-built and costly architectures of time, — rest, as their bases of security, upon no other foundation. Lessing's Nathan may be right in saying that "No man must *must*"; but every society must put an Imperative, an *It shall be*, beneath its civilities, — the hidden rocky foundation from which its majestic and delicate superstructures go safely aloft. And the loftier and more human the social edifice, the more adamant-resolute must these foundations be. A public law differs from a public request only in virtue of that extreme resolution, those terrors of the imperative which uphold it; and a nation is a nation only as it is *religiously* banded and bound to support a social order against all assault. Hence the sacredness of law; hence patriotism, religious love of native land, and the *dulce est pro patria mori*.

Love and terror, these are the two powers which uphold civilization. It avails not to say, "If love enough abounded, fear could be dispensed with." It were as wise to say, "If we dwelt in the moon," — and thereupon assume that we do dwell in the moon. Terror *in the service of love* holds the world together; and no sooner are its sharp ministries withdrawn than human society is dissolved, and chaos come. Terror serving love and *guided by reason*, — take this away, and then would result a state of affairs such as the observer may see among domestic dogs, among whom, at any distance from home, there is, at each meeting, cautious, questioning approach, — the query, "Is it amity, or hostility?" looking from each pair of anxious eyes, and this question never so answered on the fairer side that it may not in a moment pass to the fouler decision. Men rise from this state, and society begins there where two men say, implicitly or otherwise, "We two will guarantee each other's defence, and between us reason



and right shall be for a law." And as this sacred, inevitable pact widens, it comes to run thus: "We twoscore, or two-score thousand, will uphold the law of reason and justice over such a *territory*; it SHALL be binding on all within that limit; we pledge to good understandings and rational modes of adjustment our total and united force." Some obscure understanding of this sort, prevailing among small numbers, constitutes such beginnings of society as, for example, Atkinson found among the Tartars of the desert of Gobi. But where this pact prevails over a very limited space only, it furnishes a basis of security too narrow, and too little secure, to bear a grand superstructure of mutual trust, with the virtues, amenities, felicities, that exist only where trust is deep and firm. Beyond a very narrow circle, therefore, every man will be, as Atkinson observed, an object of utter distrust, of suspicions without measure; and there is nothing so barbarous, infamous, outrageous, that the possibility of it will not occur at every stranger's approach. The experience, accordingly, of a New York or Paris policeman, who must be perpetually canvassing the worst probabilities, and considering questions that scorch where they touch, must become the experience of every man and every woman; for virgin and matron, for apprehending childhood and resting old age, no forgetting of the worst things,—no, not for a day! Ah, what is so precious as this permitted forgetfulness of obscenity and outrage, this golden obliviousness accorded to maidens, wives, young children, and to age, at peace among its beloved? Due remembrance there shall be; we will all bear on our hearts the sorrow and the guilt of humanity: but perpetual remembrance *in fear*,—from this spare the sweet heads and white bosoms and dear retreats! But observe that, if love and reason will enlist terror in their service, they shall be served of it; but if they refuse, terror will become the soldier of confusion, and will scare away the sanctities and refinements it might have championed. Which is the better?

Truly, it seems rude and harsh, this footing of society; and there are many who long for a civilization that utters no menace, and rests on no basis but that of open friendliness and invitation to all. Nature, however, permits no *literal* fulfilment of

such wishes, gentle and amiable though they be. We may build high; but may not build solid castles in the air. We may build high and nobly; but the grandest minster, temple, cathedral, must, like the rudest hovel, rest at last on the earth. There is in life the same footing for saints and for sinners; alike they must eat, drink, sleep, walk the same earth, support their weight by the same brute exertion of muscle, pay the like impartial toll to the laws of the world. Basis for bad is basis for good; and the difference between worst and best among men is not in the elements used, but in the use made of them. Man stands and walks erect, with his head uplifted amid the clean atmospheres, that is to say, amid the skies, since the sky is but air; but the feet rest on the less clean ground. If you tell the traveller on the highway, that it is a poor, dusty, undesirable place down there where his feet are dwelling, — earth, mere dust and earth, — he must admit that it is indeed open to such accusation; and no one would wish the head to be reduced to the same low level and soiled companionship. But will you advise him to jump off his own feet? Undesirable that place may be; yet either the feet will abide there, or the head must; and he who is too proud to touch the soil with the sole of his foot will speedily be humble enough to embrace it with his hands. So human society may rear its head high, bathing heart and brain in an atmosphere of love, of forbearance and co-operation, of reverence for known rights and devotion to mutual duties; but beneath all this, the silent, unobtrusive, unobtrusive feet must press the earth of that hard alternative, *Right, or the last Resistance! Right Reason, or the Right Arm!* And no sooner shall any society refuse conformity with this order of Nature than — despite any sweetness of sentiment that may have begotten such denial — all its towering and sunward glories, all the domed and spiring architectures of so many toiling and believing ages, will totter, will topple, will thunder to the ground, and the dust shall go over them. O you who would attain the best, recognize conditions, yet abase not your heart! Stand on the earth, but *be* not earth!

We counsel, therefore, a frank acknowledgment of the dignity of the military calling, when worthily embraced; of the

honorableness and sacredness of war in the vindication of justice, else trodden under foot; of the constant uses of possible (which must sometimes be actual) war, as the guardian of a noble peace; and we counsel the final abolition of the Peace Society, except in so far as it seeks peace by the promotion of justice.

Let the sword be baptized, not broken. Let charity, faith, intelligence, wield it; not wantonness and outrage. All right-minded men will sympathize with the aspiration for a society and a manhood that shall be the friend and the sanctuary of all; that shall bear in its heart only the impulses, and in its hand only the ministries of love. But all men should remember that love does not alone caress and persuade; it may also be of an edge sharper than any anger, and of a sternness more resolute than any hate. Sweet is not the only good principle in the world; acid is good also, and bitter is good, and much is good that is neither saccharine nor the contrary. And if love is to be master of the world, it must not be a love with no armory save smiles and smoothnesses; it must, on occasion, be pungent, penetrating, sharper than a two-edged sword, overmastered by a divine compassion that will not suffer rivalships of any weak pities, and intent beyond persuasion or perturbation on its celestial surgery. Love shall be lord; but it is no lord, if it be able to deal only in the ordinary *shows* of love, — if it cannot grasp the sword, and still be love. Love that is not master of all instrumentalities, superior to all, and of unabated purity in the use of all, is not wholly of a divine blood, but has been debased by hybrid admixtures. The purest charity is, on the one hand, able to wait, as Providence waits, with an exquisite heavenly patience tempering its own heart; the purest charity, on the other hand, needs not to forswear the sterner instrumentalities, but, pure and perfect still, may, when the rare occasion shall call, be as severe as Nature, as Destiny, as God.

Now, finally, comes the question of limits. These, after such vindication of needful severities, ought indeed to be stated with emphasis.

The first grand limit has already been suggested, — only fire is to be met with fire, — only the sword quelled by the



sword,—only the destroyer visited with destruction. Rightful war is always defensive war,—defence of ourselves or of others. Falsehood can be met by truth, opinion by argument, each agent of iniquity by its equal agent in the service of good: so that it is only the armed hand of injustice which justice with irresistible hand may smite. Secondly, in all preparations against violence and crime, the aim must be the *prevention* of ill deeds,—their punishment or open resistance being simply an inferential result, upon failure of the primary aim. Thirdly, so far as the use of these hindrances *can* be superseded by positive attractions toward reason, right, and good, superseded they must be; and that society which flagrantly fails in this particular is false to its most sacred obligations,—false as no society can be and yet deserve to live. Finally, forbearance is to be held in perpetual honor. Love, having in vain done its utmost to cause continuance of public and private rectitude, that is to say, of noble peace, by mild inducements, is yet to wait, trusting somewhat to the ministries of time, and somewhat accepting as a burden to be borne. With brave wisdom it will wait; yet, while staying its hand from blows, will not withhold it from preparations,—while commanding its heart, will cherish and enhance its resolution. Always there are allowances to be made; always there is a call for tolerance, for endurance and forgiveness; always must there be somewhat of that grand indifference of Providence, which makes the sun to rise and the rain to fall upon just and unjust alike. Eyes are given us wherewith to see; but lids are furnished them not alone to exclude the dust, but also that we may upon occasion decline to see; and no use of the eyes can be more noble than may be at times this use of the lids. He who must forever peep and peer will be welcome at no doors. For nations, as for individual men, there is this generous overlooking, this fine obtuseness, this dimness of eye and dulness of ear that is due to largeness of heart. In individuals it is one of the indispensable requisites of gentle manners; in nations, one of the especial pledges of long continuance. Yet if this refusal to see come of cowardice, indolence, avarice, or unintelligence, then it is of all things most fatal. And therefore only when

impersuasible wrong has stifled its conscience, gathered its force, taken death in its hands, and now comes to destroy forever your power of reasoning and of bearing with it, — only then, when fruitful, noble waiting is no longer possible, — may you, *must* you, arise to pronounce against it the extreme rebuke, and to pierce with that one keen argument, which secures for itself a hearing, those ears that the inward clamor and clank of accursed intents have deafened to every other. Not till then may love in your soul become consuming fire; not till then shall you lift up your voice to utter against destroying evil the tones of that sharp and terrible charity, which, if it be not charity, is butchery, — never till then *may* you, but then, brave and true heart, you *MUST*. Man may lawfully use no other sword than that which pure Heaven puts into his hand; but the sword that Heaven gives, if he make it not sharp against those that deserve its edge, will become sharp against himself.

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ART. II. — BERNAYS'S CHRONICLE OF SULPICIOUS SEVERUS.

*Ueber die Chronik des SULPICIOUS SEVERUS. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Klassischen und Biblischen Studien.* Von JACOB BERNAYS. Berlin. 1861.

THE above publication is a striking specimen of German thorough scholarship, as well as critical ingenuity. The work with regard to which Bernays endeavors to set the modern reader right, was some two or three centuries ago a common and popular school-book; but it has for some time past fallen into such forgetfulness that many are scarcely aware of its existence. The nature and object of the Chronicle are well stated by S. Severus himself in the opening paragraph of the work: "Res a mundi exordio sacris literis editas breviter constringere et cum distinctione temporum usque ad nostram memoriam carptim dicere aggressus sum, multis id a me et studiose efflagitantibus, qui divina compendiosa lectione cognoscere propa-

bant. Quorum ego voluntatem secutus non peperci labori meo, quin ea, quæ permultis voluminibus perscripta continebantur, duobus libellis concluderem, ita brevitati studens, ut pæne nihil gestis subduxerim. Visum autem mihi est non absurdum, cum usque ad Christi crucem Apostolorumque actus cucurrissem, etiam post gesta connectere: excidium Hierosolymæ vexationesque populi Christiani et mox pacis tempora ac rursum ecclesiarum intestinis periculis turbata omnia locuturus. Ceterum illud non pigebit fateri me, sicubi ratio exegit, ad distinguenda tempora continuandamque seriem usum esse historicis ethnicis atque ex his, quæ ad supplementum cognitionis deerant, usurpasse, ut et imperitos docerem et literatos convincerem. Verumtamen ea, quæ de sacris voluminibus breviata digessimus, non ita legentibus auctor accesserim, ut prætermissis his, unde derivata sunt, appetantur; nisi cum illa quis familiariter noverit, hic recognoscat, quæ ibi legerit. Etenim universa divinarum rerum mysteria non nisi ex ipsis fontibus hauriri queunt."

Sulpicius Severus, the author of the *Chronicle*, who lived in the latter part of the fourth and the commencement of the fifth century, was a native of Aquitania (the southern part of Gaul), of respectable parentage and liberal education. His literary culture\* and his professional eminence as an advocate being generally recognized, and his social position being strengthened by his marriage with a wealthy and noble lady, who, however, soon died, Severus was about to enter upon a most brilliant career when suddenly he resolved to retire from the allurements and burden of this world. He not only adopted a monastic mode of life, but also entered the clerical state, although he rose to no higher rank than that of presbyter. Disowned by his father, he found compensation in the increased affection of his mother-in-law, Bassula, and in the intimate and enduring friendship of the celebrated Martinus, Bishop of Tours. Severus lived at a time when the monastic and ascetic tendency, which had long before spread over the East, began to make its appearance in the West also. The important change of life on the part of Severus was undoubtedly one of the effects of this tendency, although he, as well as his teacher

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\* Joseph Scaliger calls him, "*Ecclesiasticorum purissimus scriptor.*"



and friend Martinus, kept aloof from, and even opposed, one of the most striking illustrations of the same spirit, the sect of Priscillianus, with whom he shared, besides the predilection for an ascetic life, another characteristic, a literary and intellectual culture of a high order.

It is one of the objects of Bernays to facilitate a more thorough and complete understanding of the Chronicle of S. Severus by pointing out how the events and circumstances in the midst of which Severus lived and wrote affected his work. The account which Bernays gives of the origin, character, and fate of the sect of Priscillianus, which, although brief, is on the whole correct and satisfactory, is intended to place the reader of the Chronicle in a position to comprehend, not only the general spirit of the work, but all the insinuations and allusions in which it abounds. It is difficult, if not impossible, to say with precision what the distinguishing doctrines of the sect were. While they were suspected and persecuted by synods as heretics, and proceeded against by the state as criminals, the accounts of their doctrines are extremely indefinite and obscure. It should be borne in mind, in order to understand more fully the relation of Severus to the Priscillians, that this respect and love of intellectual and literary culture was not so much a characteristic of Severus and the Priscillians as of their common country, the southern part of Gaul (Aquitania) being at this time, with regard to culture and refinement, at the head of all the Roman provinces, and excelling not only Spain and Africa, but Rome itself.

The existence of the sect of the Priscillians was not a long one. It may be said to owe its origin to an Egyptian Gnostic, Marcus, whose disciples, Elpidius, a rhetorician of classical culture, and Agape, a noble lady, were in their turn the teachers of Priscillianus, who, like them, combined the advantages of noble birth and high culture. The sect spread rapidly, especially among the educated and refined in Spain, where Priscillianus chiefly lived as Bishop of Abila, and Aquitania. The condemnation and execution of Priscillianus with four of his principal followers imparted new life and energy, the usual result of persecution, to the sect, and it may be traced to the commencement of the second half of the sixth century (563).

It seems to have died out soon after; at least no mention is made of it after that date.\*

Severus and his guide and friend, the Bishop Martinus, although like Priscillianus and his followers evincing a decided preference for an ascetic life, were opposed to that sect; but they disapproved most energetically the violent proceedings of their enemies in allowing the matter to be taken out of the control of a synod, the proper authority in matters of doctrine and religious practice, and transferred to an imperial court of justice. The consequence was a schism among the orthodox clergy which was not healed for many years. Martinus for the remaining sixteen years of his life refused to be present at any synod or convention of bishops.

But the attention of Bernays is not limited to the sect of Priscillianus. In many other instances he points out, with great shrewdness, penetration, and ingenuity, the impression Severus wishes to make upon his readers, or the views applicable to his own times and circumstances which he desired to inculcate, sometimes by a slight and scarcely perceptible departure from, or modification of, the Biblical narrative, or by the introduction of a brief remark.

Some of these latter instances should, perhaps, be briefly mentioned, as they have some bearing upon the historical reliability of Severus, and thus upon some of the theories or hypotheses of Bernays. Speaking of the arrest of the prophet Jeremiah, and the willingness of King Zedekiah to release Jeremiah, Severus, in conformity with the Scriptures, remarks that the chiefs opposed this measure, adding of his own, without any authority of the Scriptures, that it is the practice of princes to oppress the good ("obsistentibus Judæorum principibus, quibus iam inde a principio moris fuerat bonos premere"). Then, in the sequel of the account, he suddenly exchanges the term *chiefs* for *priests* ("Sed rex, licet impius, aliquanto tamen *sacerdotibus* mitior, educi prophetam de lacu et carceris custodiæ reddi iubet"). Bernays explains this change of terms, which has not a little puzzled some of the editors and interpreters of the Chronicle, by the desire of Severus of

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\* See Neander's Eccles. Hist., Vol. III. pp. 993 - 1005.

making the parallel between the conduct of the Emperor Maximus, influenced as he was by the bishops belonging to the party of Bishop Ithacius, and the treatment of the Priscillians, on the one hand, and the conduct of King Zedekiah, controlled in his treatment of the prophet by the chiefs, on the other, more complete.

Of a still greater departure from his Biblical authority is Severus guilty in the account of King Saul, who, according to Scripture, was merely threatened with the future loss of the throne as a punishment for having offered a sacrifice without waiting for the arrival of Samuel. Not satisfied with this, Severus states that the Israelitish army, in consequence of the guilt of the king, was seized by a panic (*"ex delicto regis metus omnem exercitum pervaserat"*); representing thus the inefficiency of the army as a punishment of the act of Saul, while the Scriptures ascribe it exclusively to the want of arms, the legitimate result of a previous treaty with the Philistines which interdicted the manufacture of iron for any but agricultural purposes. Why this departure from the truth? Because Severus wishes to aim a blow at the unjustifiable interference of the Emperors Gratianus and Maximus in the case of the sect of Priscillianus.

To censure the Roman practice of paying, on festive days, divine honors to the statues and images of the emperors, Severus avails himself of the story of Nebuchadnezzar, but not without taking a similar liberty with the fact as stated in the Scriptures. These relate that the king erected a golden image, and commanded it to be worshipped, without saying whose the image was. Severus says that it was the king's own image (*"statuam sibi auream immensæ magnitudinis posuit adorarique eam ut sacram effigiem præcepit"*).

After these and other instances of a somewhat questionable liberty taken by Severus in the use of his Biblical sources, Bernays concludes this part of his work with this general confession: "Even if, in order to mirror his own time in the Book of God, he may naïvely have given a certain inclination to the glass to suit his purpose, we will not take offence at this, since we possess the original of the Bible as our inheritance, that cannot be falsified, and need not learn



its true meaning from him and such as he." It may be said that the independent republican spirit displayed by Severus in the above-mentioned cases is honorable and praiseworthy. It may be so, but it cannot justify this tampering with the truth of history. We are by no means disposed to be very severe upon Severus for this failing, but it should not be overlooked when there is occasion to compare his historical truthfulness with that of other historians. It is very true, that the liberty which Severus took with the text of the Old Testament will have but little power to mislead us into an erroneous interpretation of the Scriptures; but is it to be supposed or taken for granted that a writer who did not scruple, when it suited his purpose, to modify the language of the Scriptures, was more scrupulous in the use of his other authorities?

That part of Bernays's work which relates to the language and object of Severus is elaborated with great learning and ingenuity. The object of Severus, as stated by himself, was to furnish to Roman readers an abridgment of the historical contents of the Old Testament, and of the succeeding history to his own time, which was by no means to supersede the Scriptures, but which should meet the objections of cultivated and refined readers to the uncouth and barbarous translations then in use, (especially the Itala, — the translation of Jerome appeared 404, after the Chronicle of Severus,) and render intelligible to Romans, familiar with Roman customs, laws, and jurisprudence, the customs, and more especially the civil and criminal legislation, of the Jews. This is done in a language drawn from the best of the leading Roman historians, Sallust, Tacitus, Velleius, and with that clearness and precision which could only belong to a professional lawyer, and which would attract the attention of his professional brethren. The work was intended to render the Old Testament, the foundation and starting-point of Christianity, intelligible and palatable to the refined, highly educated, and critical Romans of the time of Severus.

From the words of Severus, as quoted above, it appears that he used profane authors, whenever he found it expedient so to do. One of the most interesting portions of the work of Bernays is that in which he makes the destruction of Jerusa-

lem the special subject of a very careful examination, contrasting the account of that event by Severus with that by Josephus, and arriving at the conclusion not only that Josephus has misrepresented the facts, while the account of Severus is the true one, but that Severus undoubtedly derived his account from the *Historiæ* of Tacitus, and that thus the work of Severus serves to restore this portion of Tacitus. The charge against Josephus is a serious one, the arguments employed to support it are ingenious, and the result, if established, important, — reasons enough for subjecting the hypothesis of Bernays to a close scrutiny.

We shall endeavor to state the argument of Bernays with the greatest care, so that, if we shall arrive at a conclusion different from his, it may not be ascribed to a misapprehension or unfair statement of his reasoning.

Bernays begins with the remark that, although the destruction of Jerusalem belongs to the same class of transactions as the destruction of Carthage and Corinth, so far as the amount of ruin is concerned, there was not the same necessity of destroying Jerusalem as there was for the destruction of the other two cities. In the former cases, the Roman republic, having no standing army, had no other choice than to destroy these strongholds of its enemies, while in the case of Jerusalem it would have been as easy to retain by military force the conquered city as Alexandria. Later, after the excitement of passion had subsided, this view that the city might have been spared became more predominant, and the explanation which Titus either gave, or would have liked to give, is contained in the account of his client Josephus. Bernays is of opinion that the work of Josephus, notwithstanding its reliability in general, often reminds the reader that it was written under the censorship of Titus; that the description of the catastrophe of Jerusalem excites a suspicion, as if not a fact were related, but an opinion or thesis defended; that Josephus repeatedly reminds his readers that the Romans, by order of Titus, had made every effort to save the city, and especially the temple; that the Jews in their desperation were the first to set the temple on fire, and that its final destruction was caused by a firebrand thrown by a Roman soldier, without

command, through a window into the interior of the building; that the command of Titus to extinguish the fire was not heeded in the tumult of the battle, and Titus's own subsequent efforts to the same end were fruitless. However possible all this may be, it must appear strange that such details should have been noticed in the confusion of the assault, which Josephus himself describes as terrific; and, while sound historical criticism renders it proper to leave all this detail out of consideration, we see in the account of Josephus nothing but a version approved by Titus; and, instead of inquiring how the fire originated, it will be necessary to go back to the time before the assault, and ascertain what the intention of the council of war on this point was, — whether the plan of attack was controlled by the intention of sparing the temple, or of destroying it under any circumstances. Josephus, indeed, relates that three opinions were expressed in the council of war; — one urging the destruction at any rate, for the rebellion could not be crushed as long as the temple presented a rallying-point; — a second recommending the sparing of the temple as a sacred building, in case it should be evacuated by the Jews; if defended by them, it would cease to be a temple, and might be treated like a fortress; — finally, a third, maintained by Titus, and eventually supported by three of the six members of his council, that the temple should be spared, even if the Jews made it a means of defence. Accordingly, Josephus represents the destruction as contrary to the decision of the council; as accidental, or the result of Divine interposition; as an event deeply lamented by Titus. As it is neither usual, nor to some extent possible, to obtain information concerning the destruction of Jerusalem from other sources, it was to be expected that the account of Josephus should be generally received. Bernays finds a confirmation of his view that the attempt of protecting Titus against the charge of unnecessary severity in destroying Jerusalem and the temple was an after-thought, in a passage of Valerius Flaccus, —

“ Solymo nigrantem pulvere fratrem  
Spargentemque faces et in omni turre furentem,” \* —

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\* It is possible, but by no means certain, that Valerius Flaccus intended thus to



composed before the imperial family thought it expedient to furnish, through the agency of Josephus, a different version of the event. But the account of Josephus is, in Bernays's opinion, still more strikingly contradicted by the calm and definite narrative of Severus. Without entering into the confusing details of the battle, he leads us into the tent of the general, and furnishes an account of the doings of the council of war. "It is related, that Titus previously summoned a council of war, and deliberated whether he should destroy such an edifice as the temple. For some were of opinion that a consecrated house of God, surpassing all works of man, should not be destroyed, since its preservation would be a testimony to Roman clemency, its destruction an inextinguishable stain of cruelty. Others, on the contrary, and Titus himself, voted that the temple particularly must be destroyed, in order that the religion of Jews and Christians be more completely eradicated. For these religions, although opposed to each other, had sprung from the same authors; the Christians had sprung from the Jews; if the root was removed, the trunk would soon perish. In this way, after, by a divine impulse, all minds had become inflamed, the temple was destroyed in the three hundred and thirtieth year before the present."

The inconsistency of the two accounts of course attracted notice. Sigonius believes Severus's statement an invention ("credo hoc ex ingenio suo expressisse Severum"). Bernays can see no motive for such a fraud, and rejects decidedly this solution. Then he mentions the solution of Hieronymus de Prato, the latest editor of the *Chronicle*, as the only satisfactory one. De Prato says: "It is evident that Severus has not consulted Josephus, but that the source whence this account, contradicting that of Josephus, was derived, has not yet been ascertained." \*

Upon this, Bernays undertakes to discover the source. That

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indicate the agency of Titus in the destruction of Jerusalem. Poets, and even prose-writers, furnish many instances in which, with a natural license, they ascribe acts done during the command of their hero as done by him. An historical fact must be very much in need of confirmation, if evidence such as this is resorted to.

\* "Apparet sane Severum non consuluisse libros Josephi de Bello Judaico, sed unde hæc Josepho contraria habuerit, adhuc incertum."

Severus, as regards the history of the Roman emperors, has drawn chiefly from Tacitus, Bernays endeavors by several combinations to place beyond a doubt. He points to the almost literal agreement of the two writers in the account of the crimes of Nero, culminating in the murder of his mother, and finds a confirmation of his theory even in the slight difference between the two accounts. He takes the same view with regard to the account given by Tacitus and Severus of the burning of Rome by Nero. In the consideration of these two passages, Bernays shows, in the most brilliant manner, his talent of ingenious argumentation, and his thorough and nice knowledge of the Latin language in its different periods.

Bernays then goes on to say, that, in taking his materials for the history of the Flavian dynasty and the destruction of Jerusalem from the same author, Severus was not even obliged to turn to a different volume, since as early as the fourth century the *Annals* and *Histories* of Tacitus were united into one whole of thirty books. We, indeed, now look in vain, in the preserved fragments of the *Histories*, for the account of the end of the city which Tacitus in the beginning of the fifth book promises.\* The commencement of the siege alone is related; the portion which contained the capture and destruction has been lost with the latter part of the fifth and the remaining books of the *Histories*. That this loss occurred after the time of Severus is proved by the testimony of Orosius, a contemporary of Severus, who quotes, naming Tacitus, passages which relate to the events in the later years of the reign of Vespasian and the reign of Domitian, and which must have been contained in the lost portion of the *Histories*. "From all sides," says Bernays, "the indications are gathering which render the Tacitean origin of the account of the council of war given by Severus so highly probable, that this probability can only be shaken and overthrown by an irrefragable proof of internal impossibility." Bernays thinks that both the historical contents and the language tend to strengthen the probability. The difference between Josephus and Severus must be considered as favoring the view that we have the account of

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\* C. 2: "famosæ urbis supremum diem tradituri sumus."

Tacitus before us. Tacitus — who disdained to be instructed by the works of Josephus in those things where he might have learned, and from sheer ignorance has fallen into the most egregious absurdities concerning the earlier history and laws of the Jews — would certainly not have sought information of a Jew concerning Roman military plans, and proceedings in a Roman council of war. On these matters, a man of the social position of Tacitus must have had access, besides the public records, to secret memoirs and oral information of the most reliable kind, being moreover, since he wrote after the removal of Domitian, unfettered by all those considerations which guided the pen of the Jewish client in his work, which appeared under the censorship of the Flavii. Bernays thinks that he can give the name of one of the authorities whom Tacitus undoubtedly consulted. Minucius Felix, who wrote under the Antonines, mentions the work of one Antonius Julianus, treating of Jewish affairs. No trace is left of the book, but the name of the author forces upon us the belief that this Julianus is the identical person with the Procurator of Judæa, Marcus Antonius Julianus, whom Josephus mentions as one of the six members of the council of war, and as voting for the destruction. It is not to be supposed that Tacitus would neglect to use a Roman witness of so high a position; and if this view should prove to be correct, we can trace the source of the account of Severus even beyond Tacitus to the very time of the event itself.

The next step in Bernays's argument is one of considerable boldness. He finds in the language of Severus, in this passage, as many of the characteristics of Tacitus as in the two instances before mentioned; and to show most clearly how few the words in the account of Severus are which Tacitus could not have used, he constructs a passage such as Tacitus might have written, disclaiming, indeed, the audacity of asserting positively what Tacitus had written.

Bernays entertains no doubt, from the known predilection of Tacitus for dwelling upon the proceedings of councils of war on the eve of important events, that he stated the opinions of the different members of the council mentioned by name, as is done by Josephus, with this exception, that they must have



been divided in a manner different from that given in Josephus, because the result of the consultation differs from that stated by Josephus.

Bernays finally sums up the whole argument in this way : " We have two accounts of the Roman council of war, which give, without material difference, the import of the views advanced, but directly contradict each other in their statements as to the advocates of these views, and as to the decision arrived at. One account, according to which Cæsar Titus is said to have advocated and carried the preservation of the Jewish temple, and the untoward devastation is ascribed to an accident, was composed under the eyes of Titus, by his devoted client Josephus, at a time when the Emperor had, and wished to have, the reputation of clemency. The other account was written when Titus was dead and his dynasty extinct ; it says nothing of an accident, and sees in the final destruction the carrying out of a decision which Titus, the leader of the council, had recommended for weighty reasons of imperial policy. The author of this second account is Tacitus, that is, an historian who, considering the age in which he lived and his social position, was in a condition to obtain, directly or indirectly, information concerning the proceedings in the council of war from independent members of the Roman General Staff. We may with propriety ask, as old Scaurus did, Whom do you believe, Quirites ? " \*

Not yet satisfied, Bernays goes a step further, and, calling in question the veracity of Josephus on another point, he says: " If we believe the account of Tacitus preserved in Severus as to the final catastrophe, we shall feel weighty doubts concerning the propositions of peace and surrender which, according to Josephus's narrative, the Romans did not tire, during the siege, to make to the Jews, finding in Severus the very reverse ; namely, that the besieged were not admitted either to a peaceable arrangement or a surrender, and that consequently a famine broke out, which in Severus

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\* The anecdote to which Bernays alludes is related by Asconius in his commentary in the oration of Cicero pro Scauro (p. 22, ed. Orelli) : " Quintus Varius Hispanus M. Scaurum principem senatus socios in arma ait convocasse ; M. Scaurus princeps senatus negat ; testis nemo est. Utri vos, Quirites, convenit credere ? "

is painted even in gloomier colors than in Josephus, and in a manner which reminds us of the pencil of Tacitus. The Roman usage of war contradicts the leniency praised by Josephus; it was not usual to negotiate with rebels, and it would have been an inglorious beginning of the Flavian dynasty, if, instead of striking medals in honor of 'captured Judæa,' they had retreated from Jerusalem as Marcinus had done from Numantia. If Josephus was actually sent so often to the besieged as he asserts, it may have been done for strategical purposes, and the terms offered may have been of such a nature that their rejection was foreseen, or the Romans were resolved, in case the terms were accepted, not to keep them. Tacitus, and Severus who follows him, having no occasion to extol the leniency of the Flavian dynasty, say nothing of the offers of peace, but indicate, as the leading idea of the Roman proceedings, that a peaceable issue had become impossible, and annihilating subjection was the only end kept in view. The Flavii thought that they must sacrifice the personal glory and advantage which might accrue to themselves from the preservation and possession of the city, to the interest of the state. The strongest garrison could at most secure the quiet of the immediate neighborhood, while Jews and Christians, who were supposed to honor Jerusalem as their religious origin, being scattered through Italy and most of the provinces, the city and temple would have been an unceasing signal of revolt. This point of view did not escape Josephus, as is shown by the words which he puts in the mouths of *his* minority. To have gained the clear conviction that not the minority, but the majority controlled by Titus, had taken this view, and accordingly decided the destruction, is a result which history does not owe to Josephus, but to the Chronicle of Severus alone and its sources, classical historians like Tacitus."

Having thus given with all possible fidelity the substance of Bernays's argument, we shall subjoin a few brief remarks, following his course.

The first point made by Bernays is, that there existed not the same necessity to destroy in the case of Jerusalem as in those of Carthage and Corinth. Any one who follows the

history of the siege of Jerusalem, and observes the pertinacity and irreconcilable hatred with which the Jews conducted the contest, — a pertinacity which obliged the Romans to gain the advance of a few feet by the unremitting labor of days and months, and a hatred which was able even to overrule the violence of party spirit among the Jews themselves, — will doubt the possibility of stopping short of the total destruction of the city and temple, apart from political considerations. It is somewhat singular that Bernays himself, in another branch of his argument, while speaking of the policy of the Romans as represented by Severus and Tacitus, seems to adopt the same view. There was unquestionably both a military and a political necessity for destroying Jerusalem and annihilating the national existence of the Jews, however generous and kind might be the wishes and intentions of Titus previous to, and even during the progress of, the final contest.

The second point relates to the veracity and reliability of Josephus. Bernays, of course, in order to gain credence for the account of Severus, must impugn the character of Josephus for veracity in *this part* of his work; for he does not carry his hardihood so far as to deny the *general* reliability of Josephus. A moment's consideration will determine whether there is a shadow of evidence for this charge. Bernays supposes (we say supposes, for he adduces not a particle of evidence, direct or indirect) that Josephus was influenced and fettered by his personal relation to Titus. This is certainly not the character of Josephus. There are many portions of his works in which we might expect him to write under the influence of national or religious prejudices, but we find him above them. This unusual freedom from prejudice is acknowledged by such men as Neander. Neander (Vol. I. p. 34), speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, and of the influence of false prophets over the fanatical people, says: "Josephus, *who was not a Christian, but regarded with more independence of judgment than others* the fate of his nation, of which he had been an eyewitness, closes his narrative with this remarkable reflection: The wretched people suffered themselves to be cheated by impostors, who dared to lie in the



name of God. But they disregarded the evident miracles predicting the impending destruction." In the same volume (p. 38), Neander, while giving an account of the sect of the Esseni, and of the description which Philo furnishes of them, says: "The account of Philo does not in this agree with that of Josephus; but *the more historical* Josephus in general deserves more credit than Philo, who is too much given to philosophizing and idealizing." A little later, after adverting to the advantages enjoyed by Josephus, being a resident of Palestine, and knowing the sect from personal intercourse, he adds: "Josephus shows himself, in this description particularly, entirely free from bias." And any one who knows the controlling tyrannical influence of sectarian prejudices, and remembers that Josephus had after mature consideration joined the sect of the Pharisees, will appreciate this testimony of impartiality. We think so strong, so unqualified a testimony in favor of the veracity and independence of Josephus weighs more than the sly insinuations of Bernays, altogether unsupported by evidence.

But suppose, for argument's sake, that Josephus allowed himself, through outside influence, to misrepresent the facts, — that Titus, who had himself voted for the destruction of the temple, later, when his dynasty was established, wished it to be understood that he had been in favor of sparing the city and temple. Whose good opinion was to be gained by this assumed appearance of clemency? That of the Jews? They were too insignificant and despised a fraction of the Roman empire to render such a falsification worth the trouble. Of the Romans? Can any one seriously suppose that the lenient course advocated by Titus would have been a recommendation to the Romans, who still preserved, even at that period, much of their political instinct, which did not admit of the existence of a really independent nation within the limits of the Roman empire, and whose national vanity was tickled by the destruction of the temple and stronghold of a nation that had dared to resist the Roman power? The supposition of Bernays, that, after the excitement of the war was passed, a change took place in public opinion as regards the expediency of the destruction of the temple, besides being at variance

with the character of the Romans, whose feelings were to be conciliated, is entirely destitute of proof; it is nothing but a gratuitous supposition. Another circumstance is not to be overlooked in connection with this point. If the object of Josephus and Titus was to substitute a false for the true representation of the occurrence, were they likely to succeed by a work written in Greek? The great mass of the Romans were of course ignorant of this language, and to them the book would have been a sealed one; and the educated who were acquainted with Greek, and whose minds it would have been the object to influence by such a falsification of history, were guarded against the attempted imposition, their very education rendering other sources of information, whether histories or memoirs, accessible to them. That such sources then existed, is known; for instance, the work of Antonius Julianus, referred to by Bernays himself. That most of them have in the lapse of time been lost to us, is greatly to be lamented; at the time when this fraud was to be perpetrated they were both extant and accessible.

The third point relates to the council of war and its decision. Josephus says that three members voted for the destruction, and three, together with Titus, for the sparing of the temple; while Severus says some were for sparing, some, with Titus, for destroying the temple. We notice, in the first place, the fulness, distinctness, and precision in the account of Josephus, and their absence in that of Severus. Josephus mentions the names of the six members of the council, and after setting forth the several opinions expressed in the meeting, he states definitely that Fronto, Alexander, and Cerealis agreed with Titus that the temple was to be spared under any circumstances. How is it possible to suppose that a man of Josephus's position, a leading man among his own nation, a man of uncommon culture and information, an historian of unquestioned honesty, could be fool enough, even if he were a knave, to manufacture such a story, designating by name the individuals present at the council, and the part taken by each, when he must have expected to be at once and flatly contradicted, not only by the six members of the council, but by hundreds and thousands of others. *Credat Judæus!* This is carrying his-

torical scepticism a little too far. It is undeniable, that the accounts of Josephus and Severus contradict each other; they cannot be reconciled, they cannot both be true; we must choose one and reject the other. We have before seen that Severus is by no means disinclined to modify facts in order to make them more striking illustrations of a favorite view, whether political or religious. We may entertain a high and sincere respect for the many excellent qualities which distinguished the character of Severus; but to give his statement the preference over that of Josephus, after having carefully examined into their respective claims for historical integrity, seems not justified by the facts in the case.

This brings us to the fourth point. Since Severus rejected, or at least did not adopt, the account of the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple as given by Josephus, the question arises, What authority did he follow? Bernays does not hesitate to decide the question in favor of Tacitus. We have before expressed our opinion that this part of the dissertation of Bernays is one of the most brilliant exhibitions of his remarkable power of combination, as well as of his knowledge of the language. But we frankly confess that the result of the latter is much more valuable than that of the former. We are not prepared to contradict the opinion of Bernays, that in this passage we have substantially the work of Tacitus; but we do say, that it appears to us in the highest degree improbable, and conflicting with all sound principles of criticism.

To say nothing of the remark, that in using Tacitus in this part of his work Severus was not obliged to turn to *another volume*, since it is known that before this time both works of Tacitus, the *Annals* and *Histories*, were collected into one whole of thirty books,\* no one will deny that at the time of Severus the entire work of Tacitus was yet extant; but this concession neither proves that Tacitus's account of the fall of Jerusalem agreed with the one given by Severus, nor that the latter derived his from the former. It is very true that Tacitus betrays gross ignorance of Jewish history and antiquities,

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\* This remark, if it has any meaning at all, implies a strange conception of the form and arrangement of ancient manuscripts. We cannot for one moment suppose that Bernays intends to say that the whole work was contained in one volume.



which he might have corrected if he had so far overcome his contempt for a foreigner, a Jew, as to read the work of Josephus; but it does not follow that his account of the destruction of the temple must necessarily have differed from that of Josephus; although he may not have availed himself of the help of Josephus, he may have obtained the same facts, and essentially the same representation of the event, from other (Roman) sources, such as the work of Julianus, who was an actor in the drama; for it is a mere assumption of Bernays that the book of Julianus gave an account different from that of Josephus. Nothing is known of the book of Julianus, nor, of course, of its agreement with the supposed account of Tacitus. Finally Bernays's attempt of aiding his hypothesis by a restoration of the very language of Tacitus, is very clever (and the linguistic remarks are highly valuable), but it proves nothing. If Severus were known to have confined himself to the works of Tacitus as his authority, the theory of Bernays would considerably gain in probability. But the reverse is true, and Bernays himself enumerates a large number of passages pointing out the several classical writers who influenced Severus in each instance, and displaying, in doing so, a linguistic knowledge and tact truly admirable. The whole argument is a series of hypotheses, ingenious, indeed, but unsubstantial.

The last point on which Bernays impugns the veracity of Josephus relates to the repeated attempts to bring about an accommodation between the hostile parties. Josephus gives a very detailed account of his repeated efforts as a mediator, including the arguments which he employed towards his countrymen; he describes the circumstances under which the interviews took place, and the manner in which his suggestions were received. This precise and detailed account, taking into consideration the character of Josephus as an historian, is incompatible with the hypothesis that the account of the peace negotiations is from beginning to end a fabrication. Even if there were reason for supposing, which we are not inclined to grant, that Josephus, in imitation of other classical historians, composed a speech or speeches, never actually delivered, for the purpose of illustrating more vividly the main fact, it is

carrying scepticism to an unjustifiable length to question the main fact itself, namely, that Josephus, at the instance of Titus, made repeated offers of accommodation.

Endeavoring to make our view equally clear, we will follow Bernays in his summing up. It is true we have two accounts of a Roman council of war, which give, without material difference, the import of the views presented, but contradict each other in their statements as to the advocates of these views, and the decision arrived at. The full and circumstantial account, according to which Cæsar Titus is said to have advocated and carried the preservation of the temple, and the untoward destruction of it is ascribed to accident, was certainly composed by Josephus; but there is no evidence whatever to prove the correctness of the insinuations by which Bernays undertakes to impugn his independence and integrity as an historian; on the contrary, the weight belonging to his testimony, as that of an intelligent and uncommonly well qualified eyewitness, and his character for historical truthfulness, remain unimpaired. The other account, not to be compared with the former in fulness and completeness, was written more than three hundred years after the occurrence, by Sulpicius Severus, undoubtedly a man of high culture and extensive information, and also of many noble qualities of mind and heart, but who had, in preparing his *Chronicle*, a very special object in view, and who in several instances, adduced by Bernays himself, had modified, not to say misrepresented, facts, so that they might square with his special object. Bernays himself justly says that no harm can come to us from this liberty taken by Severus, since we have the original of the Bible left. But is it safe to follow such a guide, altogether unsupported by other testimony, in the case of a work, or part of a work, which no longer exists, even if it were established that Severus used Tacitus as his source? The alleged connection between Severus and Tacitus is far from being rendered probable, still less proved. Under these circumstances, we may with as much propriety as old Scaurus ask, Whom do you believe, readers?

## ART. III. — THE MIND'S MAXIMUM.

1. *Regulæ Œconomia qualis a Benedicto [Sancto] præscripta.* The Rule of the Order of St. Benedict. In Mabillon's Annals. Paris. 1703.
2. *The Constitutions and Declarations of the Company of Jesuits.* [As Abridged and Illustrated in Bartoli's Life and Institution of St. Ignatius. Vol. III. Florence. 1831.]
3. *Self-Formation ; or the History of an Individual Mind.* [By CAPEL LOFFT.] London. 1837.
4. *Constitution and Plan of Education for Girard College for Orphans.* By FRANCIS LIEBER. Philadelphia. 1834.
5. [*Work and Play.*] Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, Aug. 24, 1848. By HORACE BUSHNELL.
6. *Rules for Preserving the Health of the Soldier.* Sanitary Commission's Report. No. 17<sup>2</sup>. Printed, not Published. Washington, D. C. 1861.

WE are obliged to bring together authorities from a wide range, in directing the reader to such sources of information as are at hand regarding the most economical use of intellectual power. Few men who have to do work with their brains, even in the humbler processes of such labor, grow to be forty years old without regretting that they were not taught, twenty years before, those arrangements and devices for husbanding their intellectual faculty, and making it as useful to them as possible, which they have been obliged to learn for themselves, without system, and often in the wreck of failure. There is nothing so much neglected in the universities, where they attempt to teach almost everything, as the sciences of learning rapidly, and of using readily what one knows. The rules and constitutions of Benedictines and of Jesuits show how much and how little care the lawgivers of such orders of students devoted to systematizing study. These directions are almost always superficial and empirical, and, though by no means without value, nowhere rise to the dignity of a philosophical system of intellectual activity. In our own time, there has been a great deal said about "self-culture," which has professed to give instructions for intellectual culture. But a



treatise on self-culture generally ends, as Dr. Channing's does, in showing that it is very important to have the mind well trained, and in good working order, without telling how it is to be trained for keeping its working power at a maximum. There is also latent in most of such books the grave error that a man cultivates his mind simply by reading, — a process which in fact often involves a loss of mental efficiency. This error has gone so far, that in common talk a man is praised for cultivating his mind simply in proportion as he reads books of any graver character than novels.

Such errors are not made in either of the other great lines of human activity. In the domain of bodily work, people understand that the training of the body is one thing, and the feeding it quite another. When that periodical cycle of interest in physical training comes round, through which just now we happen to be passing, nobody sends the young gymnast into a fruit-market, or to a *table d'hôte*, directing him to eat all he can, by way of educating his body. And the time has passed, in the other science of training the soul, when men thought it would attain its full power by rapt contemplation of God and heaven. It is only in the cultivation of the mind that there is tolerated a general gorging, — each teacher encouraged to force down as much as he can, — and the pupil then turned loose to bring his resources to bear as best he can, without a suggestion even as to methods of working power.

Yet the demand of the present time is especially for the utmost amount of intellectual work which can be extorted from educated men, and consequently for its utmost facility and method. There are not enough of them to do the world's work now; and the insufficient force of those who are detailed to this duty ought to husband their mental resources to the utmost, and to bring them to bear with the most recondite tactics. Let any professional man of to-day amuse himself for an hour with his grandfather's diary of his professional life. Let him compare the letter a month received and answered in the life of the last century, against his own file of one or two hundred received, indexed, and replied to within a like time. Let him compare the grandfather's annual ride

by his own horse-and-chaise power to the "Convention of Ministers," when Election Week came round, with his own annual attendance at a year's directors' meetings, committee meetings, board meetings, and trustees' meetings. Let him look at the schedule of books attached to his grandfather's will, called his "library," to see that there are not so many in all as he has been expected to give an opinion on in the conversation of the last five years of life. Let him count, in the diary, the number of public opinions which his grandfather formed in ten years of voting for Washington, Adams, Bowdoin, and Strong, against the opinions which he has himself been compelled to form, and form correctly, regarding foreign and home politics, state administration, city, church, and school affairs, — regarding water, gas, horse-railroads, school-ventilation, foreign emigration, negro emancipation, and the rest; opinions which he has had to enforce and to carry, if he could, at three or four special, city, state, and national elections, every year. Any man who will make this contrast will see that this generation requires an amount of intellectual readiness, and a degree of economy in the right and righteous use of intellectual power, such as no generation has required before.

We have no hope of laying down the true system of the maximum of intellectual effort. But we do hope to show that teachers, of whatever grade, ought to give more attention than they have done to suggesting for their pupils systems so essential. To take a little instance: there is not an axiom in physics more absolutely settled, than the fact that no mental labor of any sort should be attempted within the hour after a full meal. Yet it is within a very few years only that the University at our Cambridge ceased to bid students recite within forty minutes after the beginning of breakfast, and within an hour after the beginning of dinner. What was as bad was, that half the college recited — or shall we say pretended to recite — before breakfast was served. The old monks, from whom the greater part of our college system has descended, at least knew better than this. In these details, matters are now better ordered at Cambridge. It is possible that the gymnasium and the drill-sergeant may introduce yet more

improvements. We hear rumors sometimes of practical hints, given by professors there, of the way to bring mental faculty into play. And we are not without hopes that, as there has long been a course there on "The Means of Preserving Health," some teacher may introduce a course on "The Methods of Using Intellectual Power." Such a course comes fairly within the range either of theology, ethics, metaphysics, or hygiene; and whoever first does throw into system the results of thirty years of his own experience, and teach the arts, methods, and science of best husbanding and cultivating, and of most quickly and vividly using, intellectual power, whether of the meanest or finest quality, will earn the gratitude of the meanest and finest minds together, and a claim to a share in whatever good they may ever work for mankind.

1. In pointing out the relations of such instruction to the different lines of human science, we must, with whatever regret, speak first of its physiological relations. We beg the reader, however, not, for this, to turn ruthlessly from this paper, as if he had here only another dividend from the assets of Sylvester-Grahamism, or House-I-Live-in-ism. We are forced to speak of physiology; but our chief object is to say that the folly is now nearly exploded which mistook the severe treatment necessary (perhaps) for the cure of students in confirmed dyspepsia, for the proper treatment of men in health, eager to work, mentally, under the requisitions of this time, up to the very top of their steam. The dyspeptics may settle with the doctors what is the proper treatment for them. We neither know nor care. Our business is with men in health, that they may keep their health, and that they may find out what is the highest amount of their working power, and may keep to that without overrunning it. We venture to say that, for them, any system of half-diet, of scales to weigh daily bread, of food marked by some invalid name, — any system, in short, which in any way suggests hospitals or convalescence, — is bad practice. On the other hand, we venture to say to the dyspeptics that they had better leave the company of men working with their minds till they are well. It will not be long. There is always open, for instance, the army; and when on foot in the open air, we forget the doctor soon.



The dictum with regard to food, then, is probably that of one of our most judicious medical men, to whom this community is largely indebted, who used to say to his class, "In brief, gentlemen, you may eat what you choose, when you choose, and as often as you choose; only be careful not to look at your tongues after you have done." For as in the highest stage which in this life we come to in the religious life, a man forgets he has a soul, through ninety-nine out of a hundred of the hours which he crowds full of enterprise for the glory of God, so, in the lower plane of which we speak now, he forgets, by a corresponding law, that he has a body. The degree to which he remembers or forgets it gives an accurate measurement of its frailty or its health.

For all this, however, he has a body; and the ignorance of youth, which risks it sometimes to its ruin, is not the same grace as the confirmed habit of discipline to which we would lead youth, which uses it as not abusing it. They are, at the least, as different as is innocence from virtue. Man has a body. It is one of his tools. His mind is the other. Now, the Latin Grammar is very right in saying, "The mind itself knows not what the mind is," which is as true of Spurzheim's mind as it was of Cicero's. But the mind does know, by this time, that, whatever it is or is not, it works by means of a physical arrangement called a brain, or a pair of brains. Let the question lie, then, what the mind is. Still, in discussing the discipline of its working power, we must say something, however unwillingly, on the physiological conditions of the brain, on the privileges to which it is entitled, and the cautions which it has a right to claim from those who would effect the most the most promptly, with an organ so exquisite and so delicate.

The familiar statement that the "brain is the stomach," or the "stomach is the brain," which we sometimes hear, would probably not satisfy the anatomists. But it expresses very conveniently some results of physiology and anatomy which all workmen ought to remember. The chief of them is this, that, at the moment that you have given the stomach its work to do, you have no right to call upon the brain, at the other end of the same system, to be working for you also. When

you are journeying, you take assiduous care that your horse shall not be compelled to do any work in the hour after he has slowly eaten his grain. The horse has cost you money ; and, even in the poor business of his muscular action, you know that he needs all his vital resource for the single matter of getting his grain in part stowed away. Because you happen to be impatient, you do not risk his health, which you have paid for. Now, it is true that you never bought your brain at a horse-market. It might not fetch a bid there. Certainly it ought not, if you have no more practical notion, after your experience of it, than to set it hard at work while the whole working power of your system has been pre-engaged lower down. Consider what you have done. You have poured together a pint of coffee, three hot biscuits buttered, the lean parts of two mutton-chops, and a slice of stale bread, into the reservoir which contains your provisions for the first six hours of the day. You have done this by way of breaking the fast of the night before. Give to the officials who have the present charge of those supplies an hour's uninterrupted time, after you have done : do not embarrass them by constantly sending down to ask what is seven times nine, or what is the interest for four years and eleven days on blank hundred and blanky-blank dollars at blank per cent. Give them that hour of undisturbed work on their present business, and then start the engine slowly ; and thank us, who have advised you, for the promptness and efficiency of its new evolution.

Without dabbling in the detail of physiology, we may say, simply, that one precise object for which you have eaten your breakfast is to give to this delicate organ, the brain, the compensation it needs for the work it did for you yesterday. You may call it wages, if you regard the brain as your servant, — or food, if you regard it as your slave, — or sympathy and encouragement, if you regard it as your friend. Whatever you call the breakfast, the fact is, that the brain lost in amount of substance yesterday just in proportion as you worked hard with it. The nice observations of a few years past have shown to a certainty that the brain loses elements, which may be detected as phosphates in the fluids of the body, just in proportion to the intensity of its exercise. The masterly ar-

gument with which you kept that drowsy jury awake yesterday cost you its weight in phosphate. The letter of entreaty which you wrote last night (which you should have left till this morning) was well put, succinct, and pathetic; and it cost you, therefore, its weight in phosphate. Your calculation of the comet's orbit differs by two days from Dr. Pape's. You have analyzed your work, and, in a day's careful labor, have proved to all men and angels that you are right, and that Dr. Pape is wrong. Yes, that is very fine; but the tongs which you put into that white-heat lost some little scales of iron as you turned over and over the equations and formulas. The triumphant calculation cost your brain just its weight in phosphate. Do not cheat the servant or the friend who has served you so. Or, do you count him as a slave, do not cheat yourself by starving him. And if you mean to work him in that same fashion to-day, let him have new phosphates exquisitely and carefully elaborated from the coffee, the chop, and the bread-and-butter; let the new and the old be well introduced to each other, and on good social terms, before you give the word for new duty.

It is not simply new substance, however, which the brain requires. While we know very little about its methods, we know that it has methods which it insists upon. We will not anticipate the physiologists so far as to say it is a Voltaic battery: but this is a guess so well sustained now, that we might do that with reason; and we may say that, in the particular matter with which we are dealing, it works with exactly the laws of a Voltaic battery. Those laws are now matters understood in daily practice. Bear them in mind. If you were De Sauty working the Atlantic Telegraph, seeking the highest power from your battery, and the most precise action, would you use the very same fluids to stimulate the plates month after month, regardless of the wear of the plates, and the disintegration of the liquid? Not at all. You have not only to renew the plates at certain periods, but you have, at shorter periods, to renew the liquids. Of course you would never attempt to work without liquids in the battery. As well work without plates. Of course you would not be satisfied, even though you had the best double-combination improved battery



which science ever invented, to work by splashing a little liquid, whatever might come along, on the plates for a moment. Though some result would undoubtedly follow, it would not be the high-pressure, extreme-tension result which you are in search of. You would pour in, with the utmost care, the liquids which had been prepared with the most accurate chemistry. And even then you would have to wait for some moments, more or less, before the battery would fully work on them, or they on the battery, and the high action begin. Now, whether the brain is or is not a battery, let the physiologists settle. It works precisely by these laws which we have stated. In sleep, for instance, it is inactive, if the fluids elaborated from food are not ruthlessly poured upon it, in which case it acts in dream or nightmare. Before breakfast, it is in no condition for active work. When breakfast comes, still it must wait till the elaboration of its precise liquid is completed. When that is at length poured on, grant the few moments, more or less, of the electrician, and then you may draw your sparks, lift your heavy weights, telegraph to the other side of the world, or the other end of time, at your pleasure.

With these mere hints, we close what we have to say of the very foundation of our subject, however important that foundation may be. In most of the popular frenzies on the connection of mind and body, some piece of successful treatment of disease is seized upon, and held up as the legitimate system to be pursued in health. Because a shower-bath occasionally gives to a disordered system the freshness and vivacity which it had forgotten, people tell you to take one every day, and that you shall be sure to be fresh and alive. The experiment fails. Because a *bon vivant* gains spirits and energy when he cuts off half his luxurious dinner, Sylvester Graham tells him virtually, that if he will give up the other half he will have twice as much spirit and energy. And in physical exercise, because a man works more lightly and happily after a walk, or other exercise sufficient to promote digestion and renew appetite, we are told to work like Hercules in a gymnasium, and to walk like Captain Walker in the training-ground. All this is absurd. If a man wants to work with his mind, he only

wastes food, time, and life by bringing his body up to the mark of a blacksmith's or a boxer's. He neither needs to run a mile in *five-thirty*, nor to lift 600 pounds, nor to walk up to the house-top by the lightning-rod. He wants exercise enough to keep him in high spirits, good appetite, and that absolute health which almost forgets there is a body to be cared for. The truth is, that a prime condition of vivid intellectual labor is, that one give as little attention as is practicable to the tools with which he works. And just as the mower loses repute for mowing who is constantly setting his scythe anew, or stopping to sharpen it, and just as he advances more slowly than the more skilful workman who does not complain of his tools, the mental artisan who works lightly in the harness with which it has pleased God to clothe his spirit advances with most success and most rapidity. It is folly to pretend there are no tools. It is folly to leave them to rust in the meadow over night. It is folly to pretend there is no harness. It is folly to leave the harness without oiling it. But it is worse folly to spend all one's life in sharpening one's scythe, or in beautifying the traces or the collar.

We shall leave, for a like reason, without any notice, the questions regarding diet, how the food should be concocted which is to renew the plates of our battery, if it be a battery, and how the liquids which are to be poured on it to excite its motion. Bearing in mind the golden injunction which we have quoted, — that we may eat much as we please, if we do not make it too much the subject of after-meditation; that the brain-stomach is most likely to digest our food for us, when we do not make the stomach-brain weigh it, analyze it, account for it, and justify it; resolving that we will not thus try to think cake and eat cake too, — we do not discuss the relative merits of coffee, tea, *mattè*, cocoa, or guarana, in their province of reproducing brain, which is, according to Liebig, their duty in the economy of civilization. Swedenborg wrote his oracles on coffee; and so, they say, does Agassiz his. Most poor sermons are written on tea, and, they say, some good ones. We have read capital editorials which were written on shells; we have heard that the high law-officers in England are detected with ale when they are

caught at luncheon; and we know that Anacreon says that the best is water. Into that discussion we do not go.

2. We have reached a much more interesting part of our subject, where, however, our authorities as we have cited them begin to fail us sadly. We may call it the internal economy of mental action. It seeks light on the best methods and proportions of work, either in varying mental processes, or in holding steadily to one. It involves, also, the questions as to the real maxima of intellectual effectiveness. On these subjects our monkish authorities have but little to say. The truth is, that their work did not admit of much variety. It was simply the steady plodding on of uncritical readers, or of self-satisfied writers, who were in no dread of criticism. The German scholars also have wide reputation as great workmen, but we are disposed to challenge that too. When it is said that Heyne worked twenty hours three days in the week, and twenty-four hours on the intermediate days, — and this is said of Heyne, — a quality of work is meant much of which does not deserve the name. These pundits go into their studies, and call all that is done there work, if it only involve reading. The newspaper counts for work, or the last novel or review. We have known similar self-deception nearer home, but we have nothing to do with it in this paper. We are discussing simply the action of the mind which directly aims at some new evolution of truth, or some new presentation of truth evolved before. The student is at work if he is presenting truth in new forms to himself, or if he is attempting to present it in new forms to others. But, exactly as copying does not come within our idea of intellectual work, because the workman there only repeats for others truth already evolved, in an unchanged form, mere reading or acquisition of information undigested comes as little within it. For here the workman only repeats to himself the result of the study of others. The workman in both cases works mechanically. In point of fact, as all students know, mere reading is the greatest of intellectual luxuries. If there is any difficulty in understanding an author, of course an element of labor comes in, as when one reads in a language not perfectly familiar to him. But where the reading is perfectly intelligible, it is not to be ranked as



intellectual work. It will undoubtedly fatigue eye and brain, but the fatigue to the brain is the very minimum involved in any mental action. As the German epicure said he could eat larks all day, any man or woman may say he can read all the time he can spare from his meals, his digestion, and his other physical exercises. If it tire his eyes, that is merely a bodily affair. We do not therefore take mere reading into the account of the mental effort which we are considering.

A popular writer succinctly stated the moral aspect of the maximum of work in the following words, in a newspaper article: "No man has a right to incur more fatigue in a day, than the sleep of the next night will recover from."

As a general rule, we conceive that this statement is the true one. There are exceptions, of course, when generals must march their men by forced marches, but they are exceptions to be permitted with the greatest care. The intentional violation of the rule is simply suicide by inches. The man who wakes to-day conscious that he overworked yesterday, because he finds he is not up to yesterday morning's working mark, has run back just so far in his own life. There seems no moral distinction between the act, if it were intentional, and the act by which, instead of injuring his brains a little, he should injure them a great deal in blowing them away. The regular recurrence of night and day seems to be so adapted to the human constitution of mind and body, that we must put ourselves under regulations of this sort dependent upon it. And as no man eats one great breakfast Sunday, expecting to lunch Tuesday for the week, to take the week's exercise Wednesday, to dine once for all Thursday, to take a twenty-four-hour siesta on Friday, and a protracted cup of tea Saturday, all to be followed by a week's night of sleep; as every man admits that the regimen of the body is to be regulated by cycles of twenty-four hours each, — we hold that every man must use his mind in the same way. It must come up to time, as the ring says, every morning fresh and bright, as if, indeed, it were new-born, if we mean to get from it the maximum of vivacity and power. The great *tours de force* invariably prove this. A newspaper reporter will tell you of specific feats in which he wrote steadily, in the most fatiguing form of

writing, perhaps for fourteen consecutive hours. So will turfmen tell you of horses who have been driven without stopping for as many. But neither of them will tell you that the week in which those hours were included came up to the average steady work of the mind or the horse concerned.

No more work is to be done in a day than the night's sleep will recover one from. That is the first rule. So far the sun, Ammon Ré, is the lord of this business, as the Egyptians regarded him. So much of subdivision is mapped out for a man in the calendar as matter of morals. And, as the calendar marks Sunday with red letters for him, he is to throw that also out from his list of working-days, except as the priests in the temple profaned the Sabbath and were blameless. If a man's profession make him work on Sundays, as does a daily editor's, or his printers', or a chorister's, or organist's, or other minister's, let him make allowance for that variation by taking his rest-day on some other day of the week; best on Saturday, so far as the arrangements of modern life suggest the resting-day for the exceptional classes we have named. There is no difficulty in advancing thus far in the regulation of working-time. But in further subdivision, where we have the moral question, the ground is more difficult, the lights less frequent, and the authorities are more at variance.

Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, an excellent guide, tells us in his Discourse before the Divinity School Alumni, that every man who works with his mind "should have a vocation and an avocation." That is to say, to avoid the fatigue of monotony, or the danger of any of the forms of monomania, from despondency up to the acme of that disease, let a man be sure that his daily duty has, at least, two sides to it. When he has worked enough at the one, let him work in turn at the other. Be it observed, this is a rule for alternating forms of work. We say nothing as yet of play. The rule, as an empirical rule, proves itself true. It would prove itself true in practice, even in the limited view which our subject takes, — a much narrower one than the broad view of professional life which Dr. Peabody was considering. For if we only regarded mental efficiency and vivacity, it would prove better for a man to have two subjects of mental effort, which should engage

him alternately, than one alone. As matter of practice, most thinkers, or most students, would admit this. But what is the principle on which this rule rests,—and how far may we make the rule go? First, as to the principle. Are there different sets of mental faculties, as the phrenologists say, so bounded and contrasted that it rests one set to have you put another set in motion,—as they used to tell us that a blacksmith, after striking with his arms all day, rested himself with dancing? When, for instance, one has been loving his children intensely for an hour, does it rest him to do sums in the rule of three for an hour, and then will he rest himself more by remembering the roots of the Greek numerals for an hour more? We do not believe he will. We believe this whole theory of the rotation of mental crops to be a mistake. The true rotation is precisely akin to that of the rotation of vegetable crops. The old notion was, that the land which had been cultivated for wheat rested when you put it in clover, and rested more when you put it in turnips, so that it was with perfect enthusiasm that in the fourth year it received wheat again, and that it then produced wheat as never before. The truth was, that that land never rested at all. The clover took up elements which the wheat had left, and the turnips found such as both had left. But if the clover and the turnips had been carried off the ground, when the wheat came again in the fourth year of the rotation to the dinner which had been warmed over twice for these different guests, it found but poor picking left. And it proves that the system of rotation, undoubtedly well founded, requires for its correct use that one or more years shall be virtually years of rest. The best rest is that which is given when a crop is planted, permitted to grow, and ploughed back into the ground. At all events, nothing must be carried, in the rest year, from the field. We believe this to be just as true of intellectual croppings. You undoubtedly gain by varying your vocation with an avocation; perhaps you gain then by what we have heard called a “third,”—some third pursuit, which may be called an avocation of the second power. But you have only a very limited line of relief in this direction. It is undoubtedly exhausted when you have come to the “third,”—and very soon you must give to the soil you are



drawing from the complete rest of a fallow, or of hours spent for its own refreshment only. It is probable that the impression that passive qualities are rested because others are at work, is false. The blacksmith does not rest himself by dancing, or reading, or playing checkers. He may *di-vert* himself thus, but he does not *re-create* himself. To re-create himself he is more apt to eat his dinner, to drink his tea, to smoke his pipe, or to go to sleep. In all which experiments but one, he shows his practical knowledge of physiology.

It is true that the facility with which different minds change from subject to subject, is one of the traits of character in which men are most unlike each other. We are the more restricted in our discussion of it. The word "versatility" has been invented to express a high degree of this facility. It is to be observed, however, that because Lord Brougham can discuss Natural Philosophy, Criminal Law, and anything else in the Cyclopædia, with equal ease, *when he chooses*, it does not follow that he will choose to work on three such subjects in the same hour or in the same day. Our own conviction is, that he will prefer to do all his work on one on one day, and all his work on another on another day, perhaps in another month or year. All reputations for versatility are to be studied with reference to this distinction. The ease with which Mr. Charles Mathews or Mr. Proteus Love drops behind a table, and reappears instantly as an old woman, instead of a young man, as we saw him just before, is indeed amusing to the spectator. But it is not a valuable accomplishment. Even as a bit of costume, the old woman's dress, or the young man's, would prove badly adapted for practical purposes. In the same manner the versatility which works its wonders in mental work within an hour is a gift as amusing, and in some points perhaps proves convenient; but the work it does is of but poor quality after the first change or two. Homer characterizes this quality, when he says of Margites,

Πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.

"He knew a great many things, — and all of them badly."

The versatility, however, of which Mr. James Martineau's various scholarly work seems so good an illustration, — of a

mind which occupies itself heartily with one subject till it can make to the world some statement of real value regarding it, and then grapples with like force with a subject wholly different, is a versatility without which the world would lose almost the blessings which it wins from its heroes.

Work without interruption, then, while you work, till the day's task is done. That is the rule for gaining the maximum of the best work of which the particular mind concerned is capable. Between the vocation and the avocation there is fair opportunity for a pause, which may be hours long if necessary. But when work is once begun on one subject, it should not be suspended till the day's contribution has been rendered. In "*Miss Martineau's Travels*" is Dr. Channing's statement on this point, — not repeated, if we remember, in his *Life*. He says that the first hour of composition is to him very painful, — that the work grows easier and easier as the hour advances, but that only at the beginning of the second hour does he begin to work at ease and cheerfully. The experience again reminds us of what we see in a Voltaic battery, of the irregular, almost spasmodic labor of the cells when work begins, and the gradual regularity, and even passion, which in a short time the process obtains. Now the practical remark of importance is, that if the work be thoroughly interrupted, all this initial difficulty has to be passed through again. It is exactly as if the battery be lifted from the liquid long enough for its plates to dry. The bore who says, "I will not interrupt you, I only want two minutes," speaks like a fool. The two minutes involve as completely a new initiation of the mental process as two months would do. He might as well say, "I am not going to break your mirror into pieces far apart, — I will only separate the bits by a crack of a millionth of an inch." You do not want the mirror broken at all. And you must not have the mental process broken at all, whether of mathematics, of logic, of historical research, of the reconstruction of lost historical truth, of illustration by poetry, or of composition for conviction, if it is to be your best process. It must begin and work steadily to its own self-appointed close. There is not the slightest uncertainty when that close comes. You know it yourself when you feel it. And then, after such pause as you like, the *a*-vocation must begin.

It is said that the musical critics can tell in Mozart's Requiem at what points he went to sleep in its composition, and was waked by his wife to begin again. We have no doubt this is true. A truly sympathetic criticism would show of almost any fine literary composition where the work was suspended and where it began again, — where Homer nodded. If in any case this seems impossible, it is probably because the work is all mosaic; — the mental process was broken so often, that it is patched all through, and nowhere rises to the severity or the simplicity of an intaglio in an unbroken gem.

This principle of intellectual effort seems to us to decide the question as to the number of avocations, or sides to a man's daily duty. Two sides will probably exhaust his working-power for a day. The "third" to which we have alluded should, in our opinion, be thrown wholly into the part of the day allotted to amusement, and should be of no character requiring energy, will, or vivacity even. It ought not even to involve physical fatigue beyond the requirement for the day's bodily exercise. Do not play chess for a diversion to intellectual labor. Do not read history merely because you like to. Do not read anything grave enough to require what Capel Lofft calls re-flection, — the turning back over the passage to determine whether you agree with the author or no. Do not persuade yourself that a fatiguing walk will rest your brain. It is only so much drain on phosphates of the muscles, and you must reproduce phosphate for the brain before you can go to work again. Do not pretend to be virtuous, in short, by passing any labor into currency as if it were play. You had better go to the theatre, or to the opera, if these are not as hard work to you as they seem to be to most performers. Play cards. Dance. Listen to music. Laugh. Sit on a rail-fence and see how green the grass is, and how blue the sky. New England undertook, a generation ago, to smuggle the Lyceum into the place of the drama, and grind a few axes in the way of instruction when she pretended to be amusing her work-people. Human nature took its revenge, however. And it has been years since a Lyceum Lecture of the popular class instructed anybody, called for any thought, or indeed fatigued any one but the lecturer. All which is as it should be.



We have said that the time to stop work showed itself. As soon as the vital current enlivening study or composition flags, this time has come. If the student looks at his watch, or shakes his hour-glass, or in any way feels mistrust of his subject or himself, the battery is losing power, and the direction of its activity should be changed. This is the time for the a-vocation to come in. We need not say that the more unlike its processes to those of the vocation, the better for all concerned. If one have involved writing, let the other be mainly reading. If the one have been fine art, let the other be mathematical, or historical, or, in a word, as different as it can be. In our judgment, by the time the a-vocation rings its alarm-bells in its turn, and asks, as the Jacquard loom does, in like junctures, for a change of color, it is time for the workman to stop mental work for that day. Let his exercise begin, or his diversion, his social life, or that general *pot-pourri* of undetermined existence in which most of us spend most of our hours; directed not by ourselves but by destiny,—by the post-office, the almanac, the pig escaped, the cows in the cornfield, the agreeable Englishman who has come with a letter of introduction, or the unfortunate missionary to the Ojibways who wants to know how he is to educate three promising young men. The day's mental work is done, when the first mental avocation after the vocation begins to drag.

It is perfectly idle to attempt to say how long the day's mental work will continue before this limit is attained. It will vary with different minds, of course, and it will vary in the same mind, with the class of work done, and the degree of concentration required. The *tours de force* of which the human mind is capable are so extravagant, that they can hardly be overstated. A hard-worked physician in an epidemic will keep on his beat twelve hours, working down two or three horses in that time, in his duties in a large city. But he is committing suicide all the time, and in this case scarcely by inches. The gentlemen of the bar sit in their offices, or in court, nearly as long, for continued periods. But much of each day is not work in that duty. Our own observation of as broad range of lives as have left us their memoranda would decide that three hours is as high a maximum as an average

mind can seek for the average of its concentrated daily effort, of six days' work in a week, and fifty-two weeks in a year. This is Sir Edward Lytton's statement; Scott's was even lower than this. The British Commission on Education has just now reported, what we have no doubt is true, that with children, at the end of three hours' faithful study, the power of acquiring is, in general, at the end for that day. That is to say, the child could learn in three hours, well used, all that it does learn in the six you keep it in school. We have no doubt this is true for children. We should put the acquiring power of men and women rather higher, perhaps; but the average of all kinds of highly concentrated mental work is probably fully stated as three hours a day.

But alas! in saying that the man who works with his brains ought, for the best work which he can do, to work on only two lines of work every day, we do but demand an impossibility, if we be speaking of modern civilization. Perhaps they work so in Arcadia, though Dr. Wordsworth makes no mention of any clergymen, lawyers, or critics whom he found there. We have heard it said that in Charleston, South Carolina, when that city and State still formed nominally a part of this planet, no man did but one thing in a day. At dinner you conversed on the day's employment. "I," said one, "went to Russell's for my umbrella, which I left there yesterday." "I," said another, "called at the news-room." "I," said a third, "made my compliments to Mr. Frazer, and saw his last picture." And the man who had done one thing in a forenoon deserved well of his country and posterity. Now that this State has joined Ceres, Pallas, Io, Bellona, Metis, and the rest of the asteroids, (the planets were all wanderers once,) and has cut off all connection with mankind, there is left no such simplicity of civilization anywhere. The man who has brains, who should start on the determination that he would every day devote himself to two subjects only, would soon be shut up by his neighbors in the same palace with those who have none. Men must devote thought, and a great deal of thought, to a very wide circle of inquiries and occupations as a single day's work goes by. One cannot be St. Bernard, or Duns Scotus, if he would, in a world which has advanced into

the nineteenth century of the enlivenment of its life. To speak only of the invention of the post-office, of which the advantages have never been so demonstrated as to leave it beyond question whether the curse it inflicts is not greater, correspondence alone is enough to destroy the ideal system of daily mental activity which we have tried to describe.

"Correspondence is the burden of modern civilization," says St. Marc Girardin. He is describing the life of luxury which the first families of Rome led in their country homes in the centuries which Gibbon calls the happiest in the history of the world. On the other hand, most men of affairs tell us to-day that it is personal presence only which moves men now, letters going so easily where printed circulars go of course, into the waste-basket, or more directly into the fire. Yet the world has not yet learned this truth, if it be truth, and correspondence is still one of our greatest burdens. It is a burden which precisely illustrates the danger which we have described, of cutting off one mental process to begin again on another; of leaving to dry the supposed plates of the mental battery, before we set them to work again. It is far more fatiguing to the mind to write ten letters on different subjects of importance, than to write one on the same subject of the same length as all the ten. The change involved of method, of style, of familiarity, of recollections, calls so severely on the mental power employed as to drain it to the utmost. It would, therefore, be better, unquestionably, always to answer a letter as soon as it is received, while the mind is still occupied with the subject, thus avoiding break and jar. Letter and answer would then cost only the fatigue of hand required in writing. But this would shock people's prejudices in favor of second thoughts, there being in the world a suspicion that rowen is sometimes worth more than June hay. And it would make correspondence fatally brisk. The railroads are bad enough, but how terrible life, if every letter brought its echo by return mail! The practical way for us to regain the paradise of our ancestors in these matters would seem to be, to answer our letters in the moment which received them, and then lay the answers by for a month before we posted them. One hard-pressed friend suggests to us that the invention of small note-



paper is the providential remedy. We have never seen any small enough to cure the disease. Another studies the Duke of Wellington's despatches, in hope of attaining brevity. Another has blanks by which a secretary furnishes uniform answers to all the people who would like his recommendation for Chief Justice, or, if they cannot be that, would be glad of a subordinate commission in the quartermaster's department. But the system of blanks goes only a very little way in relief. Another used a manifold letter-writer for his letters of affection, and sent them in triplicate to different friends. But this plan was upset when he had one returned by a wounded spirit not appreciated. Members of Congress sometimes detail their wives to write their autographs for them. Mr. Fillmore used the best plan we know, if the thing is to be done at all, in dictating to a phonographic reporter his letters. They were then written out at the reporter's leisure, signed and posted; yet the original copies of the letters were preserved in the phonographic notes. Sixty letters of average length could perhaps thus be dictated in an hour; but we should say that an hour of such work would be all the concentrated work any man ought to do in a day. The most effective man we ever knew never answered any letters at all. All that he wrote were the letters which affairs made necessary for the communication of information to his fellow-laborers. For the rest, let them come and see him, as, alas! they did. It will probably be in this way eventually that the "burden of modern civilization" will be tipped off its back into the sea.

We need not apologize for this excursus on letter-writing, for the illustration it furnishes of the difficult conditions imposed on mental effort by modern barbarism is an illustration which covers very wide ground. Correspondence is the most oppressive of a series of demands made on men of affairs which interrupt the regularity of mental effort for which any system provides. And no study of the subject is in the least adequate, which does not allude to such external demands and interruptions. They must be provided for as well as the mind's personal and immediate requisitions. If they cannot be resisted or avoided, the reply made to the requisitions of the mind itself must be adapted, as far as possible, to their rapacity.

We are not bound to travel into detail to discuss the adaptations which will be found the most successful. Every department of mental effort has to furnish its own, the tricks by which different hunted hares escape from the hounds let loose upon them in the barbarism in which we live, — the methods by which men doing their own duty meet, in contest or in submission, the invaders who ask them also to do theirs. Nor is it fair to speak as if all such invasions of a man's own plan of life ought to be avoided or evaded. In a world where our whole duty is to bear each other's burdens, it ill becomes any man of us to choose the particular way in which he will bear them, — the particular yoke which he will carry.

It is evident that, if one is to shift from point to point among a multitude of important cares in such complex affairs, the maximum of working time must be reduced, even below the poor three hours which we have given as the average of daily exertion. Baron Rothschild, who may be supposed to have arranged as nicely as any man can the methods for disposing rapidly of demands made on his thought, is said to meet them thus. He stands in a central office in his place of affairs, where he can speak, if necessary, to his heads of department. Those who have personal business with him are bidden to prepare in writing what they would say; they are introduced, and give to him or read to him the memorandum. He answers, and the conversation, if any is necessary, follows, both standing. Brevity is attempted by the two expedients of a standing position and of written inquiry. How necessary this is, any clergyman will say who has known a visitor take three hours in saying he wants to be married. On the other hand, the value of personal presence is not lost, and the assistants, if necessary, are within call. Thus a hundred visitors, perhaps, are disposed of in a forenoon. Concentration could hardly go farther. We have described these details to say that it would evidently be impossible to work in that way, even up to our poor little average of three hours daily. The more varied the subjects of work so highly concentrated, the shorter must its period necessarily be.

Of the palliatives possible for the relief of the pressure of such work as falls on the student or other literary workman,

we do not speak in detail, because every condition of mental activity must of necessity provide its own. The transferring of the mechanical operation of writing, by those who have much work of composition, to the hand of an amanuensis, is the only one of these expedients which we are to speak of here. It does not seem well to use this relief to the full, as did an alderman of one of our chief cities, who, confident that he could always hire a reader to read for him, and a clerk to write for him, neglected to acquire for himself the two accomplishments of writing and reading. There are purposes of both accomplishments, which cannot be attained by proxies. So this officer found, when, in an attempt to escape from the arrest which threatened him, because his various writings were so inconsistent with each other, he arrived at the fork of two roads, looked sadly at the finger-post, whose guidance was useless to him because he was without his reader, and so returned to meet the sheriff, and to acknowledge that there were occasions when one must do his own reading, as he had found before by the state of his bank-books that he had better have done some of his own writing. Sentimental or exacting correspondents, too, are apt to expect that a letter shall be in the handwriting of the author. To meet this difficulty, the English offices have clerks in readiness, who, in three days after a change of ministry, are able to write in the handwriting of the new officials, and to execute for them their "private and confidential memoranda." Without going into such niceties, it may be said that any duty so mechanical as the mere forming of letters into words is probably better done by a young person whose whole attention is turned to it, than it can be by the person who is also engaged in determining what the words shall be. We have no doubt, therefore, that, on the whole, the employment of an amanuensis improves the quality of the work performed. It is very true, that, when the experiment of dictating is first tried, the luxury of the ease it gives is apt to be so great, that it tends to looseness and verbosity of style; for there is no better check on sesquipedalianism than the necessity of writing down one's sesquipedalian words for one's self. And in the beginning, if one is lying on a sofa, and using another's hand, he puts in his long words and long



phrases and unnecessary sentences, in the mere luxury of freedom, as the school-boy cavorts and plunges as he first rushes out into the open air. But this is but the incident of a beginning, and with a little discipline and criticism any man can learn to write with the pen of an amanuensis in the same style as with his own. Some of Scott's best novels were written by the hand of others, — some by his own. We would challenge the most exquisite criticism to discern between the two classes from the mere internal evidence afforded by their composition.

We can perfectly well hear the whine or the snort of indignation with which conscious genius has put by our suggestions in this paper, long before reading to this point, where we close. Conscious genius is very apt to say that it must work without rules. It has a good deal to tell about the tides of inspiration; and it is prone to suppose that those tides are very irregular. It will ridicule the possibility of any science of mental effort; it will say that man must wait till he is inspired; and that until he is inspired, all effort is vain. It says a great deal more on this subject, but in this dictum is the pith of the whole. Now, we are willing to own that we know nothing of the methods of genius except as we read of them in the lives of men of genius. But from those authorities we have to remark, that, if Goethe and Schiller, Walter Scott, even Byron and Bulwer, are men of genius, — not to go outside our own generation, — genius is as glad to work under absolute, fixed, and methodical conditions as is any hod-carrier. Even Byron, we say; for when Byron was engaged upon a poem, he knew perfectly well that it would not finish itself, but that his persistent will must finish it. The extraordinary amount of work he did finish in his short career is a monument to the persistency and steadiness of his working power. And we doubt if there be any touchstone more certain to distinguish between real genius and Brummagem, than is the test which determines whether the mind in question is fresh, vivid, and in true condition for effort, on every blessed morning given it by God; or whether it can only boast certain fungous growths of gaudy color, but of most perishable substance, — which spring up on some mornings, and

are nowhere to be found on others, — lawless and irregular, and therefore, if not quite worthless, quite untrustworthy.

The truth is, that all mental effort, like all bodily effort, must fulfil the conditions of effort which God has imposed. This is as true of the highest efforts of divine poetry, as it is of the daily-bread work of the mere artisan of letters, who makes no pretence to genius or inspiration. We have been speaking, thus far, only of the two tools which are employed, the body and the mind, in such endeavor. But for the soul, which employs them, if they are to be kept at their full power, there must be constant accessions of the Life from which the soul is born. It is Life which bends the fingers to the pen. It is Life which drives the pen along the page. It is Life which makes the page live, and teach its lesson. This Life of the soul must be renewed and increased with every day of the soul's effort, or the page at length ceases to glow, just as the fingers fail to grasp the pen. The soul must be, indeed, new-born to its daily work as each day comes round. The soul must each day reassert its mastery over body and mind, without which they are only two rebel slaves setting in uproar the whole of the soul's kingdom. We have said enough, perhaps, to show that, for full mental power, this empire of the soul must be a stern one. The soul must deny the body in its appetites of meat, of drink, even of sleep and of play. It must cut off the stimulants which the body would like. It must insist on the repose without which the body dies. We have seen also the restraints and the commands which it imposes on the mind. The mind would gladly run in a thousand directions in the morning's effort; and the soul grimly holds it to one duty, or, at the most, to two. We see, again, that the soul does not let off either servant to a holiday because they choose to beg for it. When the hour of work comes, they work; when it is at end, they stop. Whether they like to work, or like to stop, the soul makes the decision. For such absolute empire, the soul needs new tides of Life daily. And God has been pleased to grant such tides, recurring with the regularity of his own sunlight if the soul accedes to the conditions. If the soul uses to his glory the Life of to-day, under the conditions which he has fixed for its various exertions, he

gives new Life for the duties of to-morrow. The faithful, patient soul working with Him for His infinite designs finds itself new-born as each morning struggles up the sky, and, with the freshness of new birth, enters on the new day's duties, — “as a little child” indeed. But unless the soul accept the conditions, and unless it work in the Father's work, it has no such renewal, and it has no continued victory; any Hercules with whom it wrestles can lift it from the ground, and, with all its struggling, it can get no new strength for conflict. Vital power for the objects of life; vital power sufficient to hold in constant check the vagaries of the mind, and the appetites of the body; vital power, again, sufficient to reanimate, every morning, a mind which has new duties to undertake, and a body which is to fulfil meekly an imperial will, — is gained only at the fountain of Life. He has most of that power who drinks deepest at the fountain. He who never drinks — the Machiavel or the Napoleon — finds, before he is done, that body and mind cannot be driven up to the behests of the will. He who works with God has God's breath to renew him every day. He who works without God finds his body give way just when he needs it, or his mind disobedient when a crisis comes. For his vital power is diminished by his every victory; while the faithful child of God receives the promise, and with every day has “Life more abundantly.”

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ART. IV. — MRS. BROWNING.

*Poems.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. From the last London Edition, corrected by the Author. New York: James Miller. 3 vols. 16mo. 1862.

CARLYLE says of the death of Goethe: “In the obituary of these days stands an article of quite peculiar import, — the time, the place, the particulars of which will have to be often repeated, and rewritten, and continued in remembrance many centuries, — this, namely, that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died at Weimar on the 22d of March, 1832.” The year 1861



furnishes to many a record as memorable and imperishable. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died at Florence, Italy, on the morning of the 19th of June, half an hour after daybreak. The sad significance of this fact can be fully comprehended only by her contemporaries. Posterity will merely rejoice that such a poet lived and sung. It is for her own age to mourn her departure with a peculiar and personal grief, quite different from the regret usually felt at the death of a favorite author. She has so directly spoken to the hearts of her readers, and won so entirely their sympathy and affection, that to admire and appreciate the poet is with them to love and venerate the woman. Her own heart and life are in her poems, shaping them into wonderful harmony and completeness. Hence in part their fascination; hence, too, the fact that the woman is dearer than the poet, though personally unknown to thousands reverently cherishing her memory. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell upon the loss the world has sustained in her death. We would rather consider what the world has gained by her life, — what it owes to her, not only as a poet, but also as a teacher and exemplar. The fitting time has come to do this, and as far as practicable by her own standard. She writes:—

“Measure not the work  
Until the day’s out and the labor done.  
Then bring your gauges. If the day’s work’s scant,  
Why, call it scant, affect no compromise;  
And in that we have nobly striven, at least  
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,  
And honor us with truth, if not with praise.”

The calm dignity of this appeal is statuesque. It is impersonal in its quiet might and majesty, and instinct with a consciousness of power, marred by no light vanity or glorification of self. It does more than command admiration. It rebukes alike the blind partisan and the narrow hypercritical spirit. The one would be as unworthy and unjust as the other.

In order to get a true conception of “the labor done,” it is essential, not only to examine the merits of Mrs. Browning’s poems, but likewise to note the revelation in them of her own life and character. The agreeable task which we propose to ourselves, therefore, is not so much to review critically her

various productions, as to delineate the noble qualities they embody and express.

Mrs. Browning united loftiness of thought to intensity of emotion. As prodigal of ideas as an Eastern poet of images, the ideas are warmed into throbbing life by the inspiration of attendant feeling. Hence she excites in the reader an intellectual and moral vitality responsive to her own,—a twofold effect, that indicates the harmonious sources of her strength, and gives to her writings the vivid power that wins an active sympathy. An author thus endowed could hardly be wanting in vigor of description; and consequently this is among her prominent excellences. She sketches scenes with outlines so strongly drawn, and colors them with tints so richly glowing, that they stand out from the framework like the painting of a great master from the canvas. “The Rhyme of the Duchess May” is an instance of this executive force. A series of pictures pass before the mind’s eye in rapid succession, each making a distinct and vivid impression. As illustrations of both the beauty and completeness of the images thus presented, we recall and emphasize a few of the finest passages:—

“Calm she stood; unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to her shoe,  
Toll slowly,  
And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,  
Had not time enough to go.

“Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on the floor,—  
Toll slowly.  
*And tear after tear you heard fall, distinct as any word  
Which you might be listening for.*

“Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair around  
Toll slowly.  
Oh, and closely, closely speeding, step by step beside her treading  
Did he follow, meek as hound.

“On the east tower, high’st of all,—there, where never a hoof did fall,—  
Toll slowly.  
Out they swept a vision steady,—noble steed and lovely lady,  
Calm as if in bower or stall.”

The scene on the castle wall rivals in intensity and tragic force Coleridge’s description of the doomed ship’s crew in “The Ancient Mariner,” though the subjects and the emotions

they excite are of a widely different nature. The recital which detained "the wedding guest" overawes and chills with a sort of passive horror; for there is no struggle indicated in the story, but simply resistless, remorseless destiny seizing its victims; while Mrs. Browning's narrative is effective from its display of heroic action, and consequently excites less painful emotions.

"Twice he wrung her hands in twain, but the small hands closed again.

Toll slowly.

Back he reined the steed, — back, back! but she trailed along his track

With a frantic clasp and strain.

"Thrice he wrung her hands in twain, — but they closed and clung again, —

Toll slowly.

Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood

In a spasm of deathly pain.

"She clung wild and she clung mute, with her shuddering lips half shut.

Toll slowly.

Her head fallen as half in swoond, — hair and knee swept on the ground,

She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

"Back he reined his steed, back thrown on the slippery coping-stone,

Toll slowly.

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,

Whence a hundred feet went down.

"They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose, — in vain.

Toll slowly.

For the horse, in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,

On the last verge rears amain.

"Now he hangs, he rocks between, and *his nostrils curdle in!*

Toll slowly.

Now he shivers head and hoof, — and the flakes of foam fall off,

*And his face grows fierce and thin!*

"And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,

Toll slowly,

And a sharp cry uttered he, in a *foretold agony*

Of the headlong death below.

"And 'Ring, ring, thou passing-bell,' still she cried, 'i' the old chapelle!' —

Toll slowly.

Then back-toppling, crashing back, — a dead weight flung out to wrack,

Horse and riders over fell."

Great art is shown in concentrating the interest at last upon the steed, and his agony is most vigorously depicted.



The death of Aurora's aunt is another example of tragic intensity in scenic representations.

" There she sate, my aunt, —  
Bolt upright in the chair beside her bed,  
Whose pillow had no dint! *She had used no bed*  
*For that night's sleeping, . . yet slept well.* My God,  
*The dumb derision of that grey, peaked face*  
Concluded something grave against the sun,  
Which filled the chamber with its July burst  
When Susan drew the curtains, *ignorant*  
*Of who sate open-eyed behind her!* There  
She sate . . it sate . . we said 'she' yesterday."

Mark the significance of the line,

" She sate . . *it* sate . . we said '*she*' yesterday."

The contemplated wedding, in the same poem, where "half St. Giles in frieze was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold," is as powerful, if not as terse, a description. So also the sculpturing of the lion in the "Drama of Exile."

" On a mountain-peak  
Half-sheathed in primal woods and glittering  
In spasms of awful sunshine at that hour,  
A lion couched, part raised upon his paws,  
With his *calm, massive face* turned full on thine,  
And *his mane listening.*"

Here are two pictures of natural scenes, both finely executed; the first from "The Romaunt of the Page," and the other a view of Aurora's English home, seen from her chamber window.

" Our troop is far behind,  
The woodland calm is new;  
Our steeds, with slow *grass-muffled* hoofs,  
*Tread deep the shadows through;*  
And in my mind, some blessing kind  
Is dropping with the dew."

" First the lime,  
(I had enough, there, of the lime, be sure, —  
My morning-dream was often hummed away  
By the bees in it;) past the lime, the lawn,  
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,  
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream  
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself  
Among the acacias, over which, you saw

The irregular line of elms by the deep lane,  
Which stopped the grounds and dammed the overflow  
Of arbutus and laurel. Out of sight  
The lane was ; sunk so deep, no foreign tramp  
Nor drover of wild ponies out of Wales  
Could guess if lady's hall or tenant's lodge  
Dispensed such odors, — though his stick well crooked  
Might reach the lowest trail of blossoming briar  
Which dipped upon the wall."

The beauty of the last extract is mostly in its suggestiveness ; and the hint as to the height of the wall is very ingeniously given.

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship" abounds in exquisite sketches, both of figures and landscape. We select two of the richest color.

"Thus, her foot upon the new-mown grass, bareheaded, with the flowing  
Of the virginal white vesture gathered closely to her throat, —  
And the golden ringlets in her neck just quickened by her going,  
And appearing to breathe sun for air, and doubting if to float.

"With a branch of dewy maple, which her right hand held above her,  
And which trembled a green shadow in betwixt her and the skies,  
As she turned her face in going, thus, she drew me on to love her,  
And to worship the divineness of the smile hid in her eyes."

"Soh ! how still the lady standeth ! 't is a dream, — a dream of mercies !  
'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains, how she standeth still and pale !  
'T is a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self-curses —  
Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of his wail.

"With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain  
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows,  
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise forever  
Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose."

The purple curtains, the river, and the moonlight, form a perfect background for "the vision of a Lady."

But "Marian's Babe" is Mrs. Browning's masterpiece. Raphael never painted a more exquisitely natural and tender picture. It needs a mother as well as an artist to mix such colors.

"There he lay, upon his back,  
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life  
To the bottom of his dimples, — to the ends  
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face ;  
For since he had been covered overmuch  
To keep him from the light glare, both his cheeks

Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose  
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,  
The faster for his love. And love was here  
As instant! in the pretty baby mouth,  
Shut close as if for dreaming that it suck'd;  
The little naked feet drawn up the way  
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft  
And tender, — to the little hold-fast hands,  
Which, *closing on a finger into sleep,*  
*Had kept the mould of 't."*

As a portrait hinting at character, the sketch of Aurora's aunt is admirable for quaint originality and fidelity.

"She stood straight and calm,  
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight  
As if for taming accidental thoughts  
From possible pulses; brown hair pricked with grey  
By frigid use of life, (she was not old,  
Although my father's elder by a year,)  
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines;  
A close mild mouth, a little soured about  
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,  
Or peradventure, niggardly half-truths;  
Eyes of no color, — once they might have smiled,  
But never, never have forgot themselves  
In smiling; cheeks in which was yet a rose  
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,  
Kept more for ruth than pleasure, — if past bloom,  
Past fading also."

Whilst Mrs. Browning's skill in detecting and describing shades of character is unquestionable, she does not possess in an equal degree the creative power which gives life and individuality to the children of the brain. Her delineations are often rather abstractions than flesh-and-blood creations, except when clothed and vitalized by her own individuality. Take the characters in "Aurora Leigh." Aurora is the reflex of Mrs. Browning, and has therefore some form and color. Still she is more interesting as a revelation of the inner life of the author, than as a purely imaginative embodiment. Romney has no exclusive personality of his own. He represents a certain class of reformers, and is both the expounder and refuter of their doctrines. Aurora describes Marian charmingly, but when she speaks for herself, she talks as pedantically as the



poet. It is true, her conversations are presumed to be always reported, but the import is her own, if not the mode of expression. A woman of no cultivation, whose life had been passed chiefly among the cruel and the coarse, might, by the force of her own sweet, intelligent nature, discourse feelingly and eloquently, but never learnedly. This specimen will explain our meaning.

“ For the rest

I am not on a level with your love,  
Nor ever was, you know, — but now am worse,  
Because that world of yours has dealt with me  
As when the hard sea bites and chews a stone  
And changes the first form of it. I’ve marked  
A shore of pebbles bitten to one shape  
From all the various life of madrepores;  
And so, that little stone, called Marian Erle,  
Picked up and dropped by you and another friend,  
Was ground and tortured by the incessant sea  
And bruised from what she was — ”

We find the same inconsistency in *Lady Waldemar*. So long as her character is merely described, and her acts narrated by a third party, we have some conception of what she really is, — though a woman of the world, as she is represented to be, would hardly make such confessions. But whenever she herself comes upon the stage, we hear the prompter’s voice, and all personality vanishes. The defect we are indicating will be made evident by comparing any of Mrs. Browning’s characters with Tennyson’s, — Marian, for example, with that of the old woman in “*The Grandmother’s Apology*.” The difference of the two in essential warmth and life is at once apparent. In the one case, it is the poet who speaks in the person of Marian. In the other, it is the spirit of the Grandmother which has taken possession of the soul of the poet, and guides his pen. Hence, in the latter creation there is no incongruity either of thought or expression. The author is not seen or heard. It is the garrulous old woman and her touching reminiscences we listen to, — her character that is unfolding itself. In this impersonality Tennyson is truly Shakespearian. He never intrudes himself; and is so superior to Mrs. Browning in this respect, though she excels him in tragic power and depth of feeling. She is too thoroughly a woman to be many-

sided. Her own strong and decided individuality cannot easily be thrown aside. Like Byron, she reveals herself, but not, like him, egotistically or morbidly. She felt as deeply as she thought powerfully. Thus the very harmony of her nature, whilst it undoubtedly in some degree hindered her genius, made her all the more strong and original in her own sphere of song.

It is owing also to this tendency of her mind that she fails as a dramatic poet. "A Drama of Exile," and "The Seraphim," notwithstanding great beauties, — for Mrs. Browning never wrote feebly on any theme, — are as a whole defective, and the least popular of her poems. But, in passing judgment upon them, it must be remembered that they were among her earliest productions, and that she herself felt and acknowledged their imperfections. To be a great dramatist, an author must put off his own personality, and live only in the creations of his imagination. This Mrs. Browning has never done, and consequently has attained little or no success in dramatic poetry. As "In Memoriam" and "Aurora Leigh" are the two great poems of the age, so "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" is the great drama. Their authors form an illustrious trio. Tennyson is the greater artist; Browning has more dramatic power; but for nobility and strength of thought, we should award the palm to the woman poet.

We have spoken mainly of the vigor of Mrs. Browning's poems and the beauty and reality of her descriptions. These are the most striking, but by no means her only excellences. She is very successful in the portrayal of actions which reveal, by their significance, hidden emotions. She accomplishes this generally by a few terse sentences, and occasionally by a single expression. The fall of the Paynim sword in "The Romaunt of the Page," and the sensations of the victim, are both expressed by one word: —

"She *felt* the scimitar gleam down."

Aurora Leigh, speaking of the smile she gave her aunt, says: —

"Some tears fell down my cheek, and then I smiled,  
As those smile who have no face in the world  
To smile back to them."

One of the most curious effects of a new and startling sorrow, one also most difficult to put into words, being so vague and subtle a feeling, has been fully expressed in these lines from "*Bertha in the Lane*": —

" And I walked as if apart  
From myself, when I could stand —  
And I pitied my own heart,  
As if I held it in my hand,  
Somewhat coldly, — with a sense  
Of fulfilled benevolence  
And a ' Poor thing ' negligence."

In tenderness and pathos Mrs. Browning is unsurpassed. As love-poems there is nothing finer in the language than "*Sonnets from the Portuguese*." They are not only of deep interest, as disclosing passages in the life of two great poets, but have rare merit in themselves. Such purity, sweet humility, lofty self-abnegation, and impassioned tenderness have never before found utterance in verse. Shakespeare's sonnets, beautiful as they are, cannot be compared with them, and Petrarch's seem commonplace beside them.

"*Catarina to Camoens*" is an exquisitely tender and touching poem, and glowing passages in "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*" and "*Aurora Leigh*" express the utmost intensity of feeling.

"*Bertha in the Lane*," "*The Poet's Vow*," and "*Isobel's Child*," are remarkable for their sweet, sorrowful pathos. "*The Lay of the Brown Rosary*" is purely ideal, and of high excellence, and proves how successful its author would have been had she devoted herself more especially to this species of poetry.

The effect of some of Mrs. Browning's poems is marred and weakened by needless amplification, and the too obvious endeavor to elaborate and point the moral. A descriptive poem whose conclusion is tragical needs no epilogue. Thus the "*Rhyme of the Duchess May*" should have ended with the headlong leap of the horse; — "*Isobel's Child*" with the lines,

" The babe upon her arm was dead!  
And the nurse could utter forth no cry, —  
She was awed by the calm in the mother's eye"; —

and "*The Poet's Vow*" with the death of the poet, —



“For when they came at dawn of day  
To lift the lady’s corpse away,  
Her bier was holding twain.”

A poem, like a picture, should leave something to the imagination. Mrs. Browning is by no means always faulty in failing to remember this. The interest in “The Lay of the Brown Rosary,” “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship,” and “The Romaunt of the Page,” ceases only with the last line. The great charm of the last of these pieces is in its suggestiveness. The page lies dead, and, whilst the requiem “from the convent on the sea” “sweepeth solemnly,” the mind wanders to the knight, picturing his sorrow and remorse, and losing itself in a thousand conjectures. The subject of the poem is old, but it is treated with a fresh originality; and the introduction of the convent episode is a mark of genius.

In justly estimating Mrs. Browning’s excellences, her faults must not be overlooked. Clear as was her intellectual vision, and lucidly and acutely as she thought and reasoned, she did not always manifest these powers. It is much to be regretted that one who had such command of ideas and of language should so frequently mar the beauty of her verse, and weaken its strength, by occasional vagueness of meaning, and too constant obscurity of expression. The matter of her poems was well and thoroughly studied, and had she expended a little of the time upon the form that she lavished on the substance, her high merits could have been acknowledged without qualification. On account of these and some other blemishes, criticism has been more ready to admit that she wrote great books than great poems. Metaphysical disquisitions, such as she is prone to indulge in, are not poetry, even when disguised by rhythm; and, though learned allusions may be evidence of scholarship, they do not heighten the beauty of song. Pedantry, always disagreeable in any writer, is almost, if not quite, intolerable in a poet; and from pedantry Mrs. Browning is not entirely free. Her wide range of study served, no doubt, to discipline and expand her mind; but it is unfortunate that her knowledge was allowed to injure the simplicity and interrupt the melody of her song. When she draws from the resources of her own genius, she is always clear and sparkling. When

she leans too heavily upon her learning, her movement is constrained. She delighted in vague classic allusions, — only pertinent and graceful when perfectly understood. This was a useless display of erudition, and renders numerous passages almost meaningless to ordinary readers. It is also often hard to apprehend her meaning, on account of too frequent use of parentheses and subsidiary clauses, and references to natural and scientific phenomena. She takes for granted too much and too varied acquisition on the part of the reader, and leaves her thought half defined.

Another cause of Mrs. Browning's obscurity is fondness for new and ambiguous terms, and a habit of coining words from Greek and Latin roots. We sometimes meet with sentences which Locke would call "a curious and inexplicable web of perplexed words." Such liberties are an abuse of language; pernicious errors in themselves, apart from the injury they do to the style of writers who invent the novel phrases.

Mrs. Browning never outgrew this faultiness of expression. In other respects there is evidence of marked growth and development; but in this, no improvement is discernible. Indeed, the style of her later poems is even more open to criticism than that of her earlier efforts. This is especially true of "Poems before Congress," and of some of her fugitive pieces upon Italy. Designed as they were to stir the popular heart, and move the masses, their ruggedness is the more to be lamented; since the want of an attractive dress must more or less endanger the purpose for which they were written. "A Court Lady" is an exception to this remark, as are also some stanzas in "Napoleon III.," which are very grand. On the other hand, not to refer to other examples, "Italy and the World" is rough, and the thoughts are clumsily expressed. We select two verses at random: —

"Florence, Bologna, Parma, Modena,  
When you named them a year ago,  
So many graves reserved by God, in a  
Day of judgment, you seemed to know,  
To open and let out the resurrection."

“Bring us the higher example ; release us  
Into the larger coming time :  
And into Christ’s broad garment piece us,  
Rags of virtue as poor as crime,  
National selfishness, civic vaunting.”

It is singular, that one so keenly alive to all that is lovely and harmonious in art and nature could have been so negligent or indifferent as to her own infelicities of style. Yet so it is, and her best defence is the opinion she expresses through *Aurora Leigh* : —

“What form is best for poems ? Let me think  
Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit  
As sovran nature does, to make the form ;  
For otherwise we only imprison spirit,  
And not embody. Inward evermore  
To outward, — so in life, and so in art,  
Which still is life.”

Mrs. Browning’s imperfections, however, certainly do not deserve the undue prominence given to them by some critics, and when compared with her beauties they sink into insignificance. “Every great original writer,” says Coleridge, “in so far as he is truly original, has to call forth the power to understand, and create the taste to enjoy him.” This is true of both the Brownings. They richly repay study, and much that at first seemed unintelligible becomes, by familiarity with the intricacies of their verse, clear and tangible. Sympathy and affection are as necessary to the understanding of the author as of the man. A keen critical eye will always be able to detect surface faults, but hidden beauties reveal themselves only to the reverent and loving spirit.

But aside from this cursory survey of the merits and demerits of Mrs. Browning’s poems, viewed simply as works of art, there are in them other characteristics to be considered, more peculiarly her own, and intimately connected with the aim and purpose of her writings. Her life and song were united in earnest endeavor to elevate and ennoble her age. Essentially a poet, she was in a still greater degree a worker. Dearly as she loved, and highly as she honored her vocation, it was to her a means to an end. Thus she be-



came pre-eminently the representative poet of her time. We say she became so; for she did not at first clearly recognize her mission. It dawned upon her through "*Casa Guidi Windows*," and the world saw its perfect noon in "*Aurora Leigh*."

It is fortunate that she was so soon and so fully conscious of the decided bent of her genius. Hers was not the faculty of breathing upon dry bones, and animating them anew with life. She comprehended all the significance of the past, and its uses as regards the present, but she did not reproduce it, or seek to glorify it at the expense of more vital and living themes. Her most stirring lays, therefore, and those most nobly sung, were of her own age. The constitution of her intellect and the breadth of her culture admirably fitted her to become one of its teachers. In connection with the prophetic faculty, which is part of the inspiration of the truly poetic, she possessed a wise discernment which is the attribute of the philosophic mind. The philosopher has been defined as one "to whom the highest has descended, and the lowest mounted up, who is the equal and kindly brother of all." Such a philosopher was Mrs. Browning. To the broadest and liveliest sympathy she joined a just appreciation of the truest needs of humanity. Her insight is thorough and accurate, and her philosophy based upon a conservative religious faith singularly free from extremes. She took more than intellectual interest in the leading practical questions of the day, and fearlessly recorded her protest against wrong toward God or man, wherever or by whomsoever committed. A brave woman, but not a bold woman, she was not blind to the existence of great sins in the world, neither did she shrink from their exposure. She "who had clipt the curls before her eyes" saw and stated facts plainly, but never coarsely; and nowhere is the matchless purity and delicacy of her own nature more manifest, than in such statements. But while keenly alive to all social and political evils, the perception of them did not so engross her vision as to prevent her from discerning the elements of greatness and goodness underneath all the corruption.

Philanthropists who begin by thinking they are to regen-

erate the world, are very apt to end by cordially hating it. They become soured by disappointment, and lose their charity and forbearance. Generally self-sacrificing, and of earnest and deep convictions, the concentration of all the energy and intensity of their nature upon one idea gradually narrows their conceptions and freezes their sensibilities. Their one purpose of life grows in magnitude by constant contemplation, and, confident of the justice and purity of the end in view, they are often unscrupulous as to the means they employ, and careless whom or what they sacrifice in their efforts to accomplish it. Mrs. Browning's philanthropy had a wider scope, if not a higher aim. Recognizing Christ as the great Regenerator, she never lost her faith in her fellow-man, or became disheartened or despairing when individual exertions were failures, and a sacred cause seemed hopeless. Such at least is the philosophy she professes to teach by her poems, and especially through the medium of Romney in "*Aurora Leigh*." He is the type of those reformers "who have a pattern on their nail," and hope to carve the world anew after it; forgetting, in their presumptuous arrogance, that "God alone sits high enough above to speculate so largely." But the world will not run smoothly on any axis of man's contriving; and Romney failed, as men fail every day, by not comprehending humanity, and by making "too small a part for God" in his schemes of regeneration.

To our thinking, the eighth and ninth books of "*Aurora Leigh*" contain a clear, candid exposition, as well as a forcible and logical refutation, of the theories of many enthusiastic and self-sufficient reformers. From these we make a few extracts, to let Mrs. Browning state her own doctrines.

"Is there any common phrase  
Significant, when the adverb's heard alone,  
The verb being absent, and the pronoun out?  
But we distracted in the roar of life,  
Still insolently at God's adverb snatch,  
And bruit against Him that his thought is void,  
His meaning hopeless;—cry, that everywhere  
The government is slipping from his hand,  
Unless some other Christ . . . say Romney Leigh . . .  
Come up, and toil and moil, and change the world,

For which the First has proved inadequate,  
 However we talk bigly of His work  
 And piously of His person. We blaspheme  
 At last, to finish that doxology,  
 Despairing on the earth for which He died."

"Fewer programmes; we who have no prescience.  
 Fewer systems; we who are held and do not hold.  
 Less mapping out of masses, to be saved,  
 By nations or by sexes. Fourier's void  
 And Comte is dwarfed,—and Cabet, puerile.  
 Subsists no law of life outside of life;  
 No perfect manners without Christian souls;  
 The Christ himself had been no lawgiver,  
 Unless He had given the life, too, with the law."

The presumptuous self-reliance, as well as the impatience,  
 of such reformers, is thus rebuked:—

"Though we fail indeed,  
 You . . . I . . . a score of such weak workers . . . He  
 Fails never. If He cannot work by us,  
 He will work over us. Does He want a man,  
 Much less a woman, think you? Every time  
 The star winks there, so many souls are born,  
 Who shall work too. Let our own be calm:  
 We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars,  
 Impatient that we're nothing."

But if Mrs. Browning's reverence for Him who made and  
 governs the world guards her against giving an undue im-  
 portance to the work of man, she does not fall into the op-  
 posite error of undervaluing or depreciating it.

"Be sure, no earnest work  
 Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,  
 Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,  
 It is not gathered as a grain of sand  
 To enlarge the sum of human action used  
 For carrying out God's end. No creature works  
 So ill, observe, that therefore he's cashiered.  
 The honest, earnest man must stand and work;  
 The woman also; otherwise she drops  
 At once below the dignity of man,  
 Accepting serfdom. Free men freely work:  
 Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease."

The old Greek adage, that the end of man is action, not a



thought, is recognized in almost every page of Mrs. Browning's writings. Other authors have spoken well and wisely of the dignity of labor, but it is the constant burden of many of her songs; — not a mere utilitarian work solely, — though that has its uses and its ends, which she does not overlook, — but work for a higher purpose, work as a privilege earned for us by Christ, and as a preparation for a more glorious labor hereafter. "I count that heaven itself is only work to a surer issue." It is a great thing, by the power indwelling in one intellect, to force other minds to think correctly, and other hearts to feel deeply; but to incite the whole nature to a persistent course of beneficent activity is even greater. It is due to the influence of writers like Mrs. Browning, that the precious effects of work as a divine institution are being gradually but surely comprehended. There is truth in what she says; —

" After Adam, work was curse ;  
The natural creature labors, sweats, and frets.  
But after Christ, work turns to privilege."

But there is still more to be learned from "*Aurora Leigh*." Aurora is the representative of the spiritual and æsthetic spirit of the age, as Romney is of the materialistic and utilitarian. She is the priestess of true Art. Through her is exemplified its noble ends, and the high character of its office as one of God's most efficient agents in purifying the world. In the final triumph of the woman over the artist, Mrs. Browning enforces another great truth; namely, that, noble and glorious as Art is, the pursuit of it will never satisfy the heart, nor insure a perfect development of character, if "the artist's instincts" are to be exalted "at the cost of putting down the woman's." If she recognizes fully, not only woman's right to labor, but its Christian necessity, she is no advocate of any regulations that are to supersede religious and natural ties. Her own sweet instincts were too powerful, and she knows too well in what consists the happiness and true welfare of woman, to desire either to unsex her or unsphere her. Not alone in "*Aurora Leigh*" is she explicit on this point. In the exquisite little poem, "*Crowned and Wedded*," she bravely asserts the true dignity

of womanhood. It seems to us no woman can read it without emotion.

“ She vows to love who vowed to rule — (the chosen at her side)  
 Let none say, God preserve the queen! — but rather, Bless the bride!  
 None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream  
 Wherein no monarch, but a wife, she to herself may seem.  
 Or if ye say, Preserve the queen! — O, breathe it inward low, —  
 She is a *woman and beloved*! — and 't is enough but so.”

Again, in her Address to Prince Albert: —

“ Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,  
 And hold her *uncrowned womanhood* to be the *royal thing*.”

Yet, in thus vindicating the beauty and sanctity of human affection, Mrs. Browning does not lose sight of still holier sentiments.

“ And since  
 We needs must hunger, — better for man's love,  
 Than God's truth! better for companions sweet,  
 Than great convictions! let us bear our weights,  
 Preferring dreary hearths to desert souls.”

In considering the aim and purpose of Mrs. Browning's poems, the worth of her sonnets must not be overlooked. Characterized by a serene majesty and patience, they strengthen the weak and console the dejected by a Christ-like tenderness, and their practical teachings are destined to exert a growing and permanent influence. The poet is evidently as earnest and sincere, as her words are sublime and impressive. She therefore sways the hearts of her readers, as the impassioned orator sways the hearts of his hearers, carrying them away by the force of her own convictions.

As “Aurora Leigh” solves social, so “Casa Guidi Windows” solves many political problems. In her modest Preface, Mrs. Browning speaks of this last poem “as a simple story of personal impressions, and not to be considered as an exposition of political philosophy.” It is much more than this. It is vigorous with original thought; and, whilst it reads in part like a fulfilled prophecy, contains acute and subtle reasoning upon law and liberty. Much that she wrote in 1848 upon the relation between war and peace, and the true significance of the latter, may be applied to ourselves in our

present struggle. A poet does not write for one country or for one age, but for all nationalities and for all time. "Casa Guidi Windows," also, is the best memorial of its author's high-minded and unwearied efforts in behalf of Italy. That country owes a great debt of gratitude to her, who gave more than hearty sympathy and co-operation in the hour of conflict,—even words of hope and cheer when the boldest patriots threw down their arms almost despairingly. The spirit of the following lines, written when the Italian cause looked prosperous, is the spirit she maintained throughout all its reverses.

" But never say 'no more'  
To Italy's life. Her memories undismayed  
Still argue 'evermore,'—her graves implore  
Her future to be strong and not afraid;  
Her *very statues send their looks before.*"

It is not the cause of Italy alone, however, that Mrs. Browning espouses in "Casa Guidi Windows," but the catholic cause of right and freedom. Turning away her eyes mournfully from the contemplation of the wrongs of her adopted country, she addresses each civilized nation in turn, beseeching mercy for the oppressed. The sin of slavery could not fail to move a thinker and worker like Mrs. Browning; and she did not content herself with the laconic protest against it in this general appeal. Her most effective poem on this subject is "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point." "The Curse for a Nation" is a passionate, prophetic expostulation; but, as a whole, it is rough, and in energy and force not to be compared with "The Cry of the Children," one of her noblest productions. There are no lines in the former equal to these:—

" 'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand to move the world, on a child's heart,—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your home amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
And your purple shows your path!  
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
Than the strong man in his wrath.' "

But, though we may not put "The Curse" among Mrs. Browning's best efforts, we cannot, as others have done, find



fault with its spirit, which is humane and womanly, — more sorrowful than angry. She who scorchingly rebuked the sins of her own nation could not be expected to treat more tenderly the sins of other lands. But we are a sensitive people ; and our iniquities, as well as our weaknesses, must be handled delicately !

Mrs. Browning's admiration for Napoleon III. has been another cause of dissatisfaction ; and in so far as she would endeavor to prove him good as well as great, there is reason for censure. The time, however, has not come for the just measurement of such a man ; and posterity may yet assent more fully than we think to the poet's judgment. " Every age, through being held too close, is ill discerned " ; and it is genius alone that can exert " a double vision."

Not only as a poet and a worker, whose worthy aims were worthily executed, is Mrs. Browning to be honored and revered. The life she led is part of her " accomplished work." In beauty and purity, it is an unwritten poem ; and its silent, indirect influence will be potent and permanent as the more obvious and positive effect of her writings. United, they exert a twofold power, and claim a twofold homage. They are also mutual interpreters. We see how the woman has moulded and shaped the poet, and the poet the woman ; and it is through the poet especially that we learn to understand the woman. Consequently, in an analysis of her character, we must chiefly confine ourselves to this source of revelation. No biography, however minute and accurate in details, can ever be as significant as the " Sonnets from the Portuguese " and " Aurora Leigh." What she felt, as well as what she thought, is revealed in these. In the career of the poet is disclosed the inner life of the woman. And though all facts relating to her personal history will be eagerly sought and carefully treasured up, there is no memoir that could so easily be dispensed with as that of one who has already given us the autobiography of her inmost soul. What she says of herself is infinitely more precious than anything that could be said of her.

Her individual characteristics require little commentary. Her poems, as we have intimated, are the faithful transcript of her moral and intellectual traits ; and we have only to

look at her through the medium of these to obtain a distinct portrait. Thus viewed, we have the likeness of one who was truly and beautifully feminine. Her intellect, as we have already said, was in harmony with her heart; and the proportions of each in her spiritual constitution were so perfect, that we can detect no undue preponderance of either, — the intellectual power visible in her poems never obscuring the essential essence of womanhood. No one, indeed, but a woman could have written such poems.

“Fortitude, constancy, and devotion” have been termed the crowning excellence of the feminine character. To these must be added a gentle nature and a pure heart, and Mrs. Browning possessed them all in no stinted measure. Miss Mitford says of her: “Such is the influence of her manners, her conversation, her thousand sweet attaching qualities, that they who know her best are apt to lose sight altogether of her learning and of her genius, and to think of her only as the most charming person they ever met.” She seems always to have retained this winning simplicity and perfect freedom from outward pretension. Hers was indeed “a true, princely courtesy of inward nature,” not affected by any worldly distinctions. The woman who took far more pride and pleasure in being identified as “the mother of that beautiful boy,” than as the author of “*Aurora Leigh*,” had certainly no craving ambition for either power or fame to gratify. Her actions were prompted by a self-forgetting love, and she sought the welfare of her age far more than its applause. Such a union of whatever is great and lofty in genius with all that is pure and lovely in woman, is very rare; so rare that it will be interesting to trace some of the causes that contributed to the exquisitely blended development. Grief, the first agent, did its work thoroughly. Insight is one of the attributes of genius, but a great grief quickens marvellously the perceptive faculties. “Eyes that have wept much see clear,” and Mrs. Browning owed not a little of her intimate knowledge of the human heart and her entire and earnest sympathy with all phases of suffering to those sad years unavoidably so introspective. Patience and submission are the compensating blessings the invalid may gain, and these were

hers to the fullest extent. The silent heroism of this period of her life is inexpressibly touching. There is no pining wretchedness in the bearing of her cross. Sorrow and illness wrought their best discipline, bringing to her that peace which is akin to blessedness. The poems written during the season of seclusion and grief breathe a subdued thankfulness, and tell of a serene resignation. The Sonnets from the Portuguese reveal what life had been to Elizabeth Barrett, and also what life became to her when, by the recuperative power of a great passion, she triumphed over sorrow and the grave. For love was the next teacher, perfecting what grief began. Moved by this, she looked out upon the world with still deeper and clearer vision, her sphere of duty growing wider as her heart expanded. New light and brilliancy are reflected in her verses. As a great happiness steals into her life, her song rings out with a richer and more triumphant tone. Peace has risen to joy; but still to joy partaking largely of the nature of peace.

Underlying these mighty influences was yet another and a mightier, her deep and steadfast religious faith. This was as strong and active as her reasoning powers were acute and subtle, and the pride of the latter never overcame the convictions of the former. With nothing morbid or narrow in her piety, she held to the doctrines of the church in which she was born and nurtured. From the following and similar passages, it is easy to discern the foundation of her religious trust.

“Alas! long-suffering and most patient God,  
Thou need'st be surelier God to bear with us  
Than even to have made us! thou, aspire, aspire  
From henceforth for me! thou who hast, thyself,  
Endured this flesh-hood, knowing how, as a soaked  
And sucking vesture, it would drag us down  
And choke us in the melancholy deep,  
Sustain me, that, with thee, I walk these waves,  
Resisting! — breathe me upward, thou for me  
Aspiring, who art the way, the truth, the life, —  
That no truth henceforth seem indifferent,  
No way to truth laborious, and no life,  
Not even this life I live, intolerable.”

Mrs. Browning's genius and virtue, taken in connection with



the peculiar blessings of the fifteen last years of her life, make her career without a parallel in the history of illustrious women. The lives of women of genius have been so frequently sullied by sin, as well as darkened by sorrow, that it has been accepted almost as an axiom, that their intellectual gifts are a curse rather than a blessing, and that those who are endowed with them must forego the purer and better joys which are the portion of their less eminent sisters. The justice of this broad inference may well be doubted. In the greater number of instances of marked unhappiness in the cases in question, it will be found, we imagine, that it was not on account of their genius that they sinned or suffered, but on account of serious defects either in character or education. Such defects are quite as common in others of the sex. The errors and sorrows of the illustrious are widely known and discussed. But lives without distinction and publicity are blighted every day, and many are sinful and unfeminine who are destitute of mental power and wanting in mental culture. One of the saddest memoirs ever given to the world is that of Charlotte Brontë; but her genius had nothing to do with the circumstances that threw such gloom over her young life. On the contrary, this was her solace and support. It peopled with glorious visions the little room in the Yorkshire parsonage, which the sisters paced unmindful of the cold and the darkness; and by its kindly aid she emerged into a healthier atmosphere, and the genial sunshine. In the compensations of this world, if genius has more acute sensibilities, it has greater resources. “Une plus grande intensité de vie est toujours une argumentation de bonheur; la douleur, il est vrai, entre plus avant dans les ames d’une certaine energie, mais à tout prendre. Il n’est personne, qui ne doive remercier Dieu de lui avoir donné une faculté de plus.” This acknowledgment has more weight, coming from the lips of one of incomparable abilities. In intellectual strength Madame de Staël is the peer of Mrs. Browning, while in the comprehension and statement of abstract thought she is somewhat her superior. As a prose-writer, she holds the same rank among those of her sex that Mrs. Browning holds as a poet. “*L’Allemagne*” and “*Aurora Leigh*,” as works of art, may stand side by side. But

while they are rivals in greatness, there is a wide distance between them in goodness. Madame de Staël penned exalted sentiments and uttered profound truths, but these did not permeate her being and react upon her life. Her noble and intense nature was undisciplined, and her feminine graces few. Her career was feverish and tumultuous, and with all its triumphs she was in the main weary-hearted and disappointed. As an author she wins our respect and admiration, but as a woman she cannot content us.

Mrs. Browning's moral strength equalled her intellectual. Virtue with her was no passive sentimentality, no vain aspiration. She who worked by precept worked also by example. A thorough understanding of the mission of the poet did not make her unmindful of the weighty import of the duty of the woman. She may therefore well command a world-wide homage. Pure and lovely in private, her public career as an author was noble and dignified. More fortunate than many writers and patriots, she not only lived to see the completion and success of "*Aurora Leigh*," the book to which she had consecrated her matured and ripened genius, but the independence of Italy, the land of her adoption and of her prayers. The work thus well done is not finished yet. It has a still more glorious errand to discharge. The spirit of it will endure and act far into the future; and generations to come will reverence and honor the great woman-poet of our time.

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ART. V. — MILMAN'S HISTORY OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY.

*History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicolas V.* By H. H. MILMAN, Dean of St. Paul's. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8 vols.

THE completion of this handsome reprint of Dean Milman's great work has offered us, these some months, the opportunity we take now of expressing our very high and grateful sense of the value of that work. Of the American edition we need

only say that, while its convenient bulk and moderate price commend it to our Western world of readers, it is very little if at all inferior in beauty to the six stately octavos of the London imprint; and that it bears the marks of scholarly and faithful oversight, and of nicest typographical care. Of the work itself we shall have more to say further on, premising only that it is, beyond comparison, the most important, able, and valuable contribution in English to ecclesiastical history, — that is, in the wide sense Mr. Stanley gives it, the history of the Christian civilization of mankind. Meanwhile, a word of the period it treats.

It is not hard to find the attraction of the topic to the author of this work, whether as churchman, as poet, or as historian. No spectacle which history presents is so imposing to the imagination as that peculiar form of civilization seen in the Middle Age of Western Europe. The twilight glow in which we see it colors half the visions of poetry and romance existing in modern literature. And as it slowly lightens into clear historic certainty, by the exploring of antiquarians, art-critics, and other students of its hundred specialties, enough of the strangeness and the mystery remain, to leave it still unrivalled in its fascination for the fancy, as well as in the fertility and wealth of the field it offers to the searcher after facts. To note a few points only in the scene which lies open before the historian's eye.

We see a Church, which, after a thousand years of various fortune, has reached at length a height of power the like of which was never wielded by human hands. It is a power resting on the invisible foundations of conscience, conviction, and religious fear. To the popular belief, it carries literally the keys of heaven and hell. It spans like an arch the dreadful gulf between the world seen and unseen. Its hierarchy rules by express Divine appointment; and its chief is addressed in language of homage such as it seems impious to address to any other than Almighty God.

We see this Church, in the person of its priesthood, present absolutely everywhere. It carries in its hand the threads that govern every province of human life; it enters every house; it is a guest at every board, a companion at every hearth; it



adopts every new-born babe by its mystic rite of baptism ; it watches over and teaches every growing child ; it regulates the marriage contract, and the solemn rites of burial ; it guides, through the confessional, every scruple of conscience, every impulse of devotion, every affection of the heart ; it offers or withholds, on its own terms, the soul's peace on earth, and its salvation in eternity.

We see it, in the person of its pontiffs, maintaining conflict or alliance, on equal terms, with the powers of the world. At its will, it lifts up the lowly, or tramples on the proud. To haughty feudal chiefs it dictates its haughtier counsel or command. Upon a rebellious subject it puts the terrible brand of excommunication. Over a stubborn and proud realm it spreads the awful shadow of its interdict. It is a party to all treaties, an accomplice in all state intrigues, a power behind the throne mightier than the throne itself. It courts alliance with sovereign, nobility, or people, as its policy requires. Here it warily concedes, there it imperiously commands ; sets its foot on a German emperor's neck, and gives its license of conquest to a Norman duke ; protests against an English Magna Charta, and defies the French States General ; refuses to own allegiance to any earthly sovereign, and asserts in the name of God its authority to make or unmake kings.

We see it, in the person of its religious orders, penetrating to every nook and hamlet, ruling the popular passion and imagination, no less than the counsel of courts, by its imperious word. It stirs men's minds by its enthusiastic appeal, sends forth its enormous hosts under the banner of the cross to battle in the Holy Land, defends the frontiers of its empire by the fanatic hate it breathes against heretic and infidel. By the same insidious, penetrating might, it arms the invincible valor of its military monks to war with infidel abroad, and the implacable fanaticism of its mendicant monks to hunt down heresy at home ; with its right hand upholding the once glorious Order of the Temple, with its left the merciless police of the Inquisition.

We see its matchless skill and power employed in the accumulation of enormous wealth. The terrors of a death-bed, the popular fear of the approaching end of the world, the en-

thusiasm that equipped the armies of the Crusaders, and the disorders of their impoverished estates, all are wrought on to fill the treasuries of the Church. It turns its doctrine of Purgatory to profitable account, and sets a fixed price on its masses for the dead. It makes a traffic of penance and indulgences. It seizes lands under forged charters, and claims the administration of intestate estates. It owns half the property of England, and a nearly like proportion of France and Germany. It profits even by the violence of robbers and plunderers. "Those very men who, in the hour of sickness and impending death, showered the gifts of expiatory devotion upon its altars, had passed the sunshine of their lives in sacrilegious plunder."\* Thus its power is extended and increased in a thousand hidden ways, aiming apparently at an absolute monopoly of men's temporal as well as spiritual estate; — a power employed often in behalf of the enslaved and poor, to loose the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free; often, to feed the vices and the pride of some bishop-sovereign, and strengthen upon the kingdoms the grasp of the heavy hand of Rome.

We see its pomp of priests, with chant and lighted taper and silver bell, striking the rude mind of ignorant barbarism with awe, as a holy spell or oracle; its hermits, in their dreary and austere seclusion; its trains of pilgrims, with bead and cockle-shell; its palmers, journeying from shrine to shrine, and bearing the fragrant memory of the Holy Land; its barefoot friars, sworn to beggary, and wrangling whether Jesus and his disciples, in their common treasury, held any goods at all. We see its secluded abbey, in some smiling valley by the water-side, a centre of culture, peace, and religious veneration, almost under the shadow of the frowning castle of some feudal lord; its stately cathedral, looming large amid the dark and lowly dwellings of the city, — the daring and vast proportions, the intricate perfection of workmanship, challenging all modern rivalry; its statuary and painting, that from rude beginnings reach gradually the topmost height of sacred Art; its universities, thronged by great armies of

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\* Hallam.

young men, — first the fond care, then the arbiter, at last the invincible rival of the Church itself in the realm of intellect. To these we add the troubled yet stirring story of feudalism, as it slowly shaped itself toward modern monarchy; the gorgeous associations of chivalry, throwing its fitful grace over the barbarism of perpetual strife; the thrilling adventure of the Crusades; the stern devotion and fatal pride of the military orders, that from champions became at last the victims of ecclesiastical policy.

Such is part of the tradition of that wondrous Middle Age, whose memory haunts our imagination, whose monuments impress our eye, whose shadow still alarms our fear, as the most amazing, august, and terrible of human things. Such are some of the features of that unique type of ecclesiastical civilization, whose animating spirit was the Catholic hierarchy, and its executive head the Pope of Rome.

The period covered by Mr. Milman's History includes the rise, the culmination, and the decline of that spiritual empire, which, built on the ruins of Pagan Rome, inherited its destiny of ten centuries' dominion. The history of Latin Christianity, as here exhibited, terminates some sixty years before the time of the Reformation; and so omits that great period of preparation — the era of discoveries and inventions, of the revival of learning, of wars and policies on a grander scale, of the new relations of Christian states growing out of the expulsion of the Moors and the fall of Constantinople — which ushered in the great revolutions of the sixteenth century. These are left, more fitly perhaps, as belonging to the modern world. Visibly, the fabric of the Middle Age perished like a night-vision before the light that dawned in the North. A clearer historical sense sees how it was sapped and undermined, a hundred years earlier, by the Councils that recast the principles of the Papacy, and by the free conscience which the terrors of the Church could no longer silence or overawe. But for great landmarks plainly seen, we still prefer the age and name of Paul, and Gregory, and Hildebrand, and Luther.

Mr. Milman takes the date A. D. 600, the age of Gregory the Great, as marking the time of "the final Christianization of the world," or, more strictly, of the mind of Western Eu-



rope. After a century of struggle with barbarism, — how faithfully and bravely waged it must have been, and backed by how slender forces surviving from the wreck of the old civilization, we may guess from the pages of Gregory of Tours, — the spiritual power of the Church is secure, as against the claims of any known rival; and it sends out its champions to the swift conquests of the outlying Paganism. The noble and touching legends connected with the mission of Augustine in England, of Boniface in Germany, of Anschar in Scandinavia, are among the more familiar memories of this early history. They occupy successively the three succeeding centuries, — the seventh, eighth, and ninth, — during which the relations of the Church were getting settled with the new powers of the world, and the dignitaries of the Church were getting soiled with the first corruptions of their new secular alliances, and the boundaries of modern states were getting traced, dimly, in the realm of Charlemagne. Stately and grand to see, even at this distance of time, was that first Christian empire of the Franks, yet resting on a treacherous flood of barbarism only half subdued, and soon broken up, by the chafing of that wild tide, into the chaos of fragments which we know as the origin of Feudalism.

We reckon, from St. Peter's legendary sojourn in the great Babylon of Rome, a full thousand years for the complete growth of the papal power, — five hundred years from the complete disappearance of the old Empire before the irresistible flood of barbarism. This latter period of five centuries — which we call the Dark Age by way of distinction from the Middle Age — offers, perhaps, as little to detain the careless reader as any equal length of time in all known history. To the Christian student, who traces the divine kingdom founded by the Son of Man in its conflict with sin and death, it is perhaps full as instructive as any. Besides the points we have just touched, it includes the first well-marked struggle between the centralism of Rome and the pride of nationality, represented by the names of Nicolas I. and the great prelate Hincmar, who ranks worthily at the head and origin of the Gallic Church. It includes the gradual attenuating and the final rupture of the vital cord which bound Latin to Greek, Western

to Eastern Christendom. It includes the story of the great forgery of the "Isidorian Decretals," — the most famous and successful falsehood of all history, — which by hardy invention made up what was lacking in tradition, and furnished, for six centuries together, the legal or documentary basis of ecclesiastical power. It includes the distinct, clear development of a liberal philosophy by Erigena, and the controversy of divine grace and human will waged in so sorrowful earnest by Gottschalk. It includes the tragical passage, through the disorders of the tenth century, to that most sombre moment of recorded time, when men everywhere believed that the end of the world was close at hand ; and the new hope, the grander ambition, that dawned upon them like clear morning out of that night of black despair, — when Europe suddenly was "studded with cathedrals," and began to robe itself in the new pomps and splendors of what we know as the Middle Age.

For near a thousand years the Christian empire has now been advancing towards maturity. And still, in the clash and jar of feudal strife, in the rise and gathering conflicts of the great Western monarchies, in the dependence of bishops on feudal chiefs, and especially in the weakness and corruption of the heads of the Church itself, it might seem as if the structure for which so many ages had been preparing must remain unbuilt, and that grand vision which had rapt the thought of so many generations must pass away as a shadow or a dream. For during this century the Popedom had been at its lowest degradation, — subject to licentious priests and imbecile boys, and the sacrilege of a sinful woman, and a false priest taught in Saracen arts of magic, seated by fraud in St. Peter's chair, — so men were ready to believe ; so that for very scandal the strong arm of Otho had interfered, and Rome had become a fief of the German throne. It still required a long and apparently hopeless struggle — a war, as Hallam says, of "fraud against force," we should rather say, of ecclesiastical zeal against feudal violence — to vindicate the independence of the Church ; a still more hopeless and at length fatal struggle, to vindicate its purity. That struggle marks the third great period of ecclesiastical history.

Mr. Milman divides his ground into fourteen sections, partitioning them by dates sufficiently important in the eyes of a student of these things. But the general reader is most content with a simpler partition, which gives him a few large outlines and conspicuous points of rest. So, having cloven his thousand years midway, somewhere about the middle of the eleventh century, we shall proceed to divide the five remaining centuries before the Reformation into two periods nearly equal, — that of the glory of the Papacy, and that of its decline. Of these, the former — from the middle of the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century — is marked, at the beginning, middle, and end, by three eminent names, — Gregory VII., Innocent III., and Boniface VIII., — one marking the rise of papal supremacy, another its highest power and glory, and the last its most extravagant pretensions. With the latter date begins the reaction, and the long decline, lasting more than two centuries, to the Reformation. In so large a field, the eye naturally seeks for points of prominence and rest. Instead, therefore, of attempting to trace the author's course in detail, we shall dwell a little on the topics of special interest associated with those three memorable names.

The vision of the Church as a Christian empire, or organized spiritual power, independent and supreme among the powers of the world, might have remained an empty vision or an impotent wish but for the indomitable will of one man, Gregory VII., the greatest of the Popes, whose reign began A. D. 1073. For five-and-twenty years, under the name of the monk Hildebrand, he had been the ruling spirit at Rome. In his remote convent in France, he had long brooded in secret over the vassalage and corruption of the Church, until his vision had become a fervid and imperious faith, which no delay, defeat, or resistance could ever conquer. By his courageous counsel, Leo IX. had refused to accept the papal office as the Emperor's gift; and when, in town and village, men looked for the pompous procession that should accompany him to Rome, they saw only two monks journeying barefoot, — the new Pope elect, and the strong-hearted Hildebrand, his counsellor. Not till the authority of the Church had sanctioned the choice would Leo assume the robes or style of office. A new spirit of en-



ergy and force was breathed through the policy of the papal court. At every fresh proof of bold and sagacious counsel, men said, "It is Hildebrand, the lord of our lord the Pope." For five-and-twenty years, under Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicolas, and Alexander, Hildebrand now held the reins of power. When, at Alexander's death, the people, with one voice, cried that none but he should sit in St. Peter's chair, he shrank a while, in seeming, perhaps real, awe of the high responsibility; then for eleven years so firmly, proudly, and powerfully he bore it, that the Church feels the pressure of his hand to this day.

The task of Hildebrand was to secure, first, the entire independence of the Church on any human power; and, secondly, the absolute devotion of its priesthood. On these two, and his sense of the imperative need of them, hinge the characteristics of his rule,—his uncompromising severity, his subtle and double-dealing policy, his implacable cruelty at need, his deference to the strong, his vindictive arrogance to the defeated and weak. We shall understand him best, and judge him most fairly, if we see his work from his own point of view, not ours. If the visible Church is verily God's kingdom upon earth, it must assert its divine supremacy over all human law, and its claim to execute the Divine justice upon its adversaries.

The immediate peril as well as the chief scandal of the Church lay in the corruption of the clergy. Many, of the higher orders, were mere feudal chiefs and barons,—fighting, tyrannizing, hunting, revelling, after the type of those half-barbaric chiefs. The priesthood had become a refuge for landless lords and younger sons. It was a rank in the state,—a rank rapidly growing into a caste, more hateful and tyrannous than the priestly caste of Hindostan. A bishopric would descend by birthright to the eldest son; a church would be given as dowry with a portionless daughter. Ecclesiastical dignities were openly bought and sold. A child of five or six years would be installed into the sacred office, and, "stammering two words of his Catechism" for response, be invested with the charge of souls; while, in the lower orders, the ignorance was such that many a priest would "scarce know A

from B."\* This great scandal and danger, the degrading and secularizing of the clergy, its tendency to become a rude, feudal, despotic caste, severed from the life and central authority of the Church, and hopelessly unfit for its sacred function, — this was the evil which Gregory would meet; and at all cost and hazard he would strike at its very root.

That root, as with deep sagacity he saw, was close entangled with a married and hereditary priesthood. Against this he declared unrelenting war. It was his hardest battle, — one so implacably waged, that, when an abbot had torn out the eyes and tongues of certain non-conforming priests, Gregory upheld and approved and promoted him for it. From a very early time, spite of St. Peter's example and St. Paul's advice, the marriage of priests had been held a scandal; at best an indulgence, needing special penance or dispensation, and in the more popular view a crime, to be forbidden altogether. In England and Germany alone the people's good sense and domestic feeling gave another turn, and the best of the humbler clergy at least were married men. The monk Hildebrand shared in the general ascetic notion. The Pope Gregory saw the policy of attaching the clergy solely and absolutely to the Church. For them there must be no interest, no affection, no human tie or duty, but what they should find in that. True, it was waging war with the most powerful motives of human nature; but what should the monk, who held all austerities acceptable service, know of that? True, wherever the experiment was tried, and as long as the experiment was tried, it led to horrible scandals, and sins such as may not be even named. What was that to the Pope, strong in his conviction that he could put down all irregularity, — at any rate pardon it, — and who saw the strict need of making the clergy a body of partisans, immoral perhaps, fanatic or sceptic, worldly or devout, cunning or mystical, as the case might be, but at any rate thorough-going partisans, the more unscrupulous the better, — mere limbs of the one organization, tools to be handled by the one executive will? He saw that family ties, like feudal ties, would diminish so much from blind allegiance

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\* See Gieseler.

to the Church. Therefore there must be no property, to be turned to a family estate; the Church alone should possess anything. There must be no wife or children; or, if affection owned such ties, policy must disown them; if they could not be denied, they should be at any rate dishonored; under a ban of ignominy, they should not stand in the way of that perfect service the Church required.

The struggle shook the local churches to their centre. Many of the clergy preferred to resign their charges rather than forsake wife and child. Let the Pope, said they, find angels instead of men. "The Lord's flock," says a contemporary, "is wretchedly scattered, the shepherds themselves setting on the wolves. The people cruelly use their license to insult the clergy. Wherever they go, they meet outcries, pointing of fingers, and blows. Some flee away, destitute and poor. Some are mutilated of their limbs, some put to death by lingering tortures. The Church's mysteries are spurned, children deprived of baptism, and sinners of confession. The Lord's body is trodden under foot, and the Lord's blood poured out wantonly; while many false and profane teachers vex the Church." Bitter was the struggle, frightful the scandal and cruelty, shocking the corruption and levity, caused by this remorseless policy throughout the entire Middle Age; yet there has been no yielding, to this day. And though the worst immoralities were openly connived at, though wars were fought and fortunes squandered by certain of the Popes themselves, for their own offspring, yet of the innumerable army of the Church's servants, not the humblest pastor, not the loneliest missionary, may cherish one thought of home, or know the dearest human ties. All must be sacrificed to that inexorable vow whose burden has bent down many a galled heart to bitterness and despair.

The next great struggle of Gregory is known as the Controversy of Investitures, — that is, the right of temporal princes to invest with sacred orders, — a battle, though begun and heroically waged by him, not finally decided till long after he was dead. As his open challenge to all princes and potentates of the earth, he declared the clergy wholly free from feudal obligation, and responsible to the Pope alone. Not a bishop might



be appointed but by him ; and at the papal summons the prelate of England or Germany must come to receive his robes of office in Rome. If any should disobey, "their blessing should turn to cursing, and their prayers to sin." On the feudal model, St. Peter was regarded as a lord paramount, or suzerain, holding of his own right the kingdoms of the earth in fee. In his name the Pope might depose emperors and kings, and all princes should kiss his feet. Of which doctrine St. Bernard said, "I dread for you neither poison nor sword more than the lust of domination."

A battle as long and a victory as doubtful now awaited Gregory in his conflict with the Empire. Henry IV. of Germany was a mere child six years old, when his powerful father's death left him heir of the Roman Cæsars, and nominal sovereign of all Central Europe. He had grown up through a wayward, indulged, and intemperate boyhood, and was a young man of twenty-three at Gregory's accession. With his imperial succession the Emperor claimed to inherit the imperial right to nominate, or at least confirm, all officers of the Church ; and the example set by the sovereign was duly followed by prince, duke, and knight. The violence of Henry in his secular rule had already driven the country to rebellion and civil war. Saxon peasants had torn his favorite castle to the ground ; a mob in Cologne had driven its insolent bishop away in terror of his life ; and Henry swore (it is said) that he would yet ride his rebellious subjects with boot and spur. Here, if anywhere, was a case for the spiritual power to interfere in the name of God. The Pope sided with the people ; summoned the proud Emperor to his judgment-seat at Rome ; threatened at his refusal to "cut him off as a rotten limb," and passed on him the terrible ban of excommunication. The double terror of the people's rage and the Church's curse at length broke down the passionate pride of Henry. Humbled and helpless, he crossed the Alps at mid-winter, groping among the bleak precipices and glaciers, the peasants passing him in a rude sledge of hides down those dreadful slopes, and went to supplicate mercy and pardon of Gregory, at the mountain castle of Canossa. "Here," in the words of Gregory's own account, "he came with few attendants, and for three days before the

gate, his royal apparel laid aside, barefoot and clad in wool, and weeping abundantly, he never ceased to implore the aid and consolation of apostolic mercy, until all those present were moved with such pity and sympathy, that, interceding for him with many prayers and tears, they all marvelled at the unwonted harshness of my mind, and some even cried that it was not the dignity of apostolic severity, but the cruelty of tyrannical rage. Overcome at length by the urgency of his entreaty, and by the supplication of all those present, relaxing the bond of anathema, I received him to the favor of communion, and the bosom of holy mother Church."

The blow was struck. For the present, at least, the victory was won. The proudest earthly rival was debased and dethroned before the spiritual might of Rome. A vindictive and obstinate conflict followed. Enraged at his humiliation, and scorned by his proud nobles, Henry became revengeful, fierce, and resolute. He slew in battle the rival Emperor whom Gregory upheld. He swept his rebellious lands with sword and flame, carried his victorious armies to Rome, and was there crowned Emperor by a rival Pope. Gregory himself was only saved from destruction by Norman and Saracen allies, and at the cost of the devastation of half the capital, — shown to this day in the half-mile of desolation that lies between the Lateran gate and the Coliseum; then, driven by the popular resentment, went away to die, defeated and heart-broken, in exile. But the spell of that curse, the shadow of that abasement, never departed from his victorious enemy. Twenty years later, vainly seeking mercy from his own son, the unnatural champion of the Church, vainly soliciting shelter in a monastery, claiming the humblest benefit of clergy as one who "could read and sing," Henry perished in want and misery, leaving his name to point the moral or adorn the tale of the first most momentous victory won by the Church over the powers of the world.

The great Christian enterprise of the Crusades, the league of Catholic Europe for the rescue of the Holy Land, was one of the fond hopes and dreams of Gregory. Military enthusiasm, kindled and kept up by the fervor of religious feeling, should be the most powerful motive of union to disordered

Christendom, the most powerful ally of the despotic hierarchy of Rome. His magnificent vision of a Church majestic and strong among the rude forces of the world, of the nations of Europe knit into one by a passionate and fervid zeal, and subject to the austere dominion of a power direct from God, was destined not to be realized in his lifetime. He died, an old man, defeated, broken down, with the almost despairing words on his lips, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile." But the spirit that animated that aged frame, worn and lean with fasting, bent under the weight of perpetual care, and scarred by a warfare of eleven years, lived after him, and became the soul of that matchless organization. The genius of Hildebrand still guided the counsels and swayed the destinies of Catholic Europe. Within fifteen years after his death, Italy, England, France, and Germany had united in that enthusiastic and brilliant league which defended the liberties of Europe on the plains of Asia. The great Crusade had been fought, and the banner of the Cross floated triumphant above the battlements of Jerusalem. Still the twofold struggle went on against corruption and insubordination in the Church's ranks, and against the powers of the world that disputed its authority.

A century passed away, and Innocent III. made the name of Papal Rome still mightier and more formidable. He occupied and governed Sicily as guardian of the young prince. He pronounced for Otho against Philip as Emperor of Germany, then turned against and excommunicated him, setting up the great Frederick as his rival. He forced Philip of France to receive back his repudiated queen, laid nearly every Catholic realm in turn under interdict, humbled the craven John of England to be Pope's vassal,\* and continued the holy war against the proud barons and their Magna Charta. It was in his reign that Europe first felt the full terror of those two great weapons of church power, — Excommunication, which

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\* "He had the effrontery to demand, and King John had the meanness to consent to, a resignation of his crown to the Pope, whereby England was to become forever St. Peter's patrimony; and the dastardly monarch reaccepted his sceptre from the hands of the papal legate, to hold as the vassal of the Holy See, at the annual rent of a thousand marks." — Blackstone, Vol. IV. p. 108.



punished the man, and Interdict, which was passed upon an entire people. Very real in that "age of faith," and very dreary, was the doom of the excommunicated man. He was shut out from all church privilege, shunned like a leper by servants, family, and friends, incapable of giving testimony or claiming any rights before a court. The very meats he had touched were thrown away or burned. A bier sometimes was set at his door and stones thrown in at his casement, and his dead body was cast out unburied, incapable (it was thought) of decay, to bear everlasting witness against his sin. Whether emperor, prince, priest, or peasant, he was met every moment on every hand by the shadow of a curse that was worse than death. During the interdict, no church might be opened, no bell tolled. The dead lay unburied; no holy rite might be performed but baptism of babes and consolation of the dying. The gloom of an awful fear haunted the silent street and the sombre home; and not till the Church's spell was taken off were the people free from the ghastly apparitions of supernatural horror. These two were the mainspring of ecclesiastical sway: "from the moment these interdicts and excommunications had been tried, the powers of the earth may be said to have existed only by sufferance." By none other was this invisible scourge wielded with such vigor and to such effect as by Innocent. But more than all, his name looms fearful and ominous in history, as the persecutor of heretics, as the real founder of the papal Inquisition, as the instigator of the frightful crusade against the Albigenses.

Wars in the East, the trade of the Levant, the gay, luxurious culture that gathered about the feudal castles and Courts of Love in Southern France, had introduced strange beliefs, it was said, and practices that undermined the Christian truth. The Church, in her pride of victory abroad, feared for her supremacy in men's hearts at home. A mongrel faith, Manichæan, Mussulman, Jewish, Bulgarian, mocking the name and forms of Christian, had made a people of heretics,—light-hearted, gay, licentious perhaps, hateful to the ascetic theory and merciless discipline of the Church. Sudden and awful was the stroke the Church dealt at this insidious foe. Its thunders, grasped and hurled by Innocent, blasted in an

hour the smiling prosperity of half a nation. Catholic Christianity stood in victory and pride on the grave of a perished people. History has few tales more pitiful. A crusading host, led by the merciless Simon de Montfort, laid waste whole towns and cities, drowning their ashes in the blood of almost the entire population. An army of fanatic monks was sent forth to do God service, by hunting out and exterminating the last relics of the dreaded heresy. The torch, fagot, rack, dungeon, the devilish enginery and ubiquitous police of the Inquisition, were brought in play. This was the second great step of papal supremacy. At such a price the Church bought one more century of unchallenged dominion. Such was the task which, with stern conviction and unflinching determination, Innocent had carried out. But a cry went up to heaven from that smoking and blood-stained soil, a wail that pierced (it was said) the ear even of the stern pontiff on his throne. He tried in vain to make some late recompense to those whom his agents had stripped to beggary, and died with the horrible doubt upon his spirit, whether he, the shepherd and guardian of Christendom, had not shed innocent blood for naught, and put on the Church the brand of a crime that long ages could not expiate.\* The shadow of that guilt still haunts the gloomy halls and cells of the papal palace at Avignon, and broods upon the soil of Languedoc; and the memories of that ancient cruelty added deeper wrath to the passions of revolutionary France, and still give its sound of dread to the name of Inquisition.

A curious sequel to the half-fanatic, half-worldly policy of Innocent is found in the career of his ward and pupil, Frederick II.; — the man of genius and culture; the freethinker, far in advance of his own time; the wise legislator, giving equal justice to Jew and Saracen as to Christian; the stern persecutor, punishing heretics as disloyal to their spiritual chief; the crusading champion of the Church, and king of Jerusalem, yet accused of turning Saracen, and finally declared deposed

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\* Michelet, who gives from the Chronicles of Languedoc the evidence of Innocent's contrition, finds reason afterwards to withdraw his belief in it; and it is probable that the dreadful cruelties of the Albigensian crusade were inflicted with unrelenting good faith, and were unvisited by remorse.

by the Pope, with whom he maintains almost a life-long war, admonished, excommunicated, and by Dante placed, along with Farinata, in the valley of tombs, the fiery doom of heretics. He had been brought up, says Mr. Milman, "among Churchmen who conspired against or openly defied the head of the Church; taught from his earliest years by every party to mistrust the other; taught by the Sicilians to hate the Germans, by the Germans to despise the Sicilians; taught that in the Pope himself, his guardian, there was no faith or loyalty." The historian has evidently been a good deal attracted by this singular, wayward, and fascinating career, that seems two or three centuries out of place in history. It is given at full length, with very interesting detail; and a comparison is suggested between this and the pathetic and noble fidelity of Saint Louis of France, whose death in 1270, twenty years after Frederick's, is the closing scene of the Crusades.

The full noon of the "ages of faith" was already past. Now follows the dark story of infidelity and strife, chronicled in stern, brief lines by Dante's iron pen. The great poet of the Middle Age sees in the calamities of Italy in his day, not the fruit of a system wrong in its foundation, or even imperfectly divine, but only the evidence of personal guilt in the enemies of God, among whom he does not scruple to reckon the head of the Church himself. Dante's *mezzo di cammin di nostra vita*, wherein he finds himself in the forest of desolation and despair, is set by his biographers as the very year 1300, which witnessed the topmost height of the pride of papal Rome. It was the jubilee of the Church, the high festival that marked the close of another century. Boniface VIII. had summoned all Christendom to take part in the august ceremonial. Perpetual indulgence was promised to whoever should join in the pomp of sacrifice at Rome. "Pilgrims were reckoned by the hundred thousand, and presently could be no longer numbered. Neither houses nor churches could contain them; they camped in streets and squares, under sheds built hastily, under sheets, under tents, and under the vault of heaven"; — while two priests stood with rakes in their hands, sweeping the uncounted gold and silver from the altars. And in the magnificent procession that attended the Sovereign Pon-



tiff to the altar, two swords were borne before him,\* emblems of the temporal and spiritual power wielded in his single hand, as sovereign over all earthly potentates.

That this might be no vain symbol, it was followed the next year by the famous bull *Ausculda fili*, addressed to the king of France; † and again, the year following, by the more famous one, *Unam Sanctam*, in which he asserts: "There is one holy Church, catholic and apostolic,—one body, one head; in its power two swords, temporal and spiritual, one to be wielded by the Church, the other for the Church, by the hand of kings and soldiers, but at the beck and sufferance of the priest; and the temporal to be subject to the spiritual. As it is written, This day I have set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, and to destroy and to throw down, to build and to plant. Whoever resists this power resists the ordinance of God. Therefore, we proclaim, declare, assert, and announce to every human creature, that he be subject to the Roman Pontiff, as wholly necessary to his salvation."

These words were the legitimate and logical deduction from the theory of papal power, brought first into clear relief by Hildebrand, and shaping the policy of every bold and able successor of his throne. They were also a direct challenge to a power as proud and obstinate as that of Boniface himself. Philip the Fair, of France, who peeled nobility and clergy, crushed his people to misery, debased the coin, plundered the

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\* For which the authority was found in Luke xxii. 38: "And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough."

† Condensed into the pithy epistle, whose genuineness Gieseler defends and Milman doubts: "Boniface the Pope to the King of France. Fear God, and keep his commandments. We would have thee know that in spirituals and temporals thou art subject to us. The conferring of benefices and prebends no way belongs to thee: if thou hast the keeping of any vacancies, save their fruits for the successors: if thou hast conferred any, we decree the bestowal void, and recall those that have gone into effect. Those who hold otherwise we reckon heretics." The king's answer, of undoubted genuineness, runs thus: "Philip, by the grace of God King of France, to Boniface who assumes to be Chief Pontiff, greeting little or none. Let your folly know that in temporals we are subordinate to none. The presenting to vacant benefices and prebends belongs to us by royal right; the fruits are ours. We will maintain all bestowals made and to be made by us, and their possessors. All who believe otherwise we reckon fools and madmen."

Jews, and carried through the hideous "Process of the Templars," to replenish his funds and secure his widening frontier, was not a man to refuse the quarrel. For years the war of words had been going on, and it must soon come to a trial of force. The king had the lawyers on his side, a new power, which he had almost called into existence, to confront his priestly adversary. The States General of France were summoned for the emergency; and the clergy themselves joined in protesting against the enormous assumption of the Pope. Boniface was unyielding. He passed the sentence of excommunication upon the king, and had already drawn up the edict which should declare him deposed from the royal power.

But it was one day too late. William of Nogaret was Philip's envoy, the chief of his three great legist-ministers, — a man cold, stern, resolute, descended from the heretic race whose blood had stained the soil of France a hundred years before. That blood now cried from the ground in vengeance upon the tyranny of Rome. The scene of conflict was shifted from France to Italy. The personal enemies of Boniface, with Sciarra Colonna at their head, lent themselves as zealous allies to the force which Philip sent to drag him from the papal throne. His palace at Anagni was attacked, the church pillaged, his friends forced to surrender or driven off in flight. Forsaken and alone, "he determined to fall with dignity. He put on the stole of St. Peter, the imperial crown was on his head, the keys of St. Peter in one hand and the cross in the other; he took his seat on the papal throne, and, like the Roman senators of old, awaited the approach of the Gauls." Violent words passed between him and Nogaret, whom he did not spare to insult as "a Paterin and son of Paterins; and Colonna, it is said, struck him twice in the face with his mailed hand. For three days he was kept famishing in prison, in terror of his life; and when rescued at length, and followed by the compassionate benedictions of the people, the proud-hearted old man, now upwards of eighty years, was utterly broken down, and in a few months died insane, refusing with his last breath the holy offices of the Church. So, said his enemies, was fulfilled the prediction of Celestine, whom Boniface had supplanted: "Thou hast come

in like a fox ; thou shalt reign like a lion ; thou shalt go out like a dog." \*

The Papacy never quite recovered from the blow struck upon the cheek of its proudest sovereign. King, nobles, and commons, the old imperial law of Rome and the new common law of the realm, nay, the national pride and loyalty of a large part of the clergy, were leagued to brave its power, and had conquered. The arm of the law was stronger than the word of the priest. The Church must be henceforth subordinate to the State. The year after Boniface's death, 1305, the new Pope removed to Avignon on the Rhone. There, in a "Captivity" of seventy years, likened to the exile of the Jews in Babylon, he and his successors were vassals of the king of France ; and here that vast and sombre palace, which seems rather a prison or castle than a palace, still remains the witness of the insolent pomp and corruption of that degenerate age of Popedom. *Ubi papa ibi Roma*, came to be an accepted maxim of the spiritual power, which thus, with obstinate vitality, survived its separation from the seat on which all its pretensions were built.

Restored to the Vatican, it encountered a new peril, even more threatening, — the schism of fifty years, when two rival Popes — Italy, Germany, and England supporting one against Scotland, France, and Spain — divided the Catholic empire, and degraded the dignity they fought for, by denouncing and excommunicating one another. Law must decide what authority could not. The Universities first were called in as arbiters in the strife ; then gradually won authority above either party. Among other expedients, it was once proposed that there should be a different Pope for every country. Councils tried their ineffectual hand to fill the breach ; and bridged it over, at length, by cutting off both lines of succession, and inaugurating a third. So, dependent on a new order of choice, the despotic hierarchy became more and more

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\* " *Vulpes intravit, tanquam leo pontificavit,  
Exiit utque canis, de divite factus inanis.*"

Philip afterwards offered to prove forty-three distinct heresies against the memory of Boniface ; and the papal court was forced to listen to charges of the vilest immorality and the most wanton blasphemy, got up by his unforgiving persecutors.



a limited monarchy. By the larger part of Christendom the Council was held to be a power in the Church superior to the Pope himself. We have a century of Councils,— at Pisa, Constance, Basle, Ferrara, Florence,— and for their result, a brief period which the historian points out as “the culmination of Latin Christianity,” when the Catholic world was once more at peace, and Nicolas V., in his wise, firm, and enlightened rule, inaugurated the grand modern era of Roman Art. The Lollard persecution and the Hussite war had conquered to the Church one more century of security and quiet. But revolutionary forces were gathering, which the spiritual arm was impotent to control. Elements of weakness and decay were brooding, which ecclesiastical discipline was faithless to suppress. Nicolas V. himself died in grief and dread at the fall of Constantinople and the threatening advance of the Ottoman power. One more attempt to rouse the lax faith of Christendom to a new Crusade, one more effort of the Mystics to revive the antique piety, of reforming Councils to suppress immorality within, of persecutors to restrain infidelity without,— and the austere, magnificent, invincible dominion of Hildebrand or Innocent speedily declines to the unspeakable moral corruption of Alexander Borgia, the secular pride and military ambition of Julius II., the worldly infidelity of Leo X., the spiritual impotence and contempt which led to the Reformation under Luther.

As we approach the boundary between mediæval and modern history, we need not say that the interest of our subject no way lessens; while we are, if possible, even more struck with the ability, the fulness, and the diligence with which it has been treated in the work under review. Such titles as the Process of the Templars, Rienzi, Wycliffe, John Huss, and the Religious War in Bohemia, indicate in part the breadth and richness of the field here traversed. And we would not pass without notice the thorough and admirable “Survey” of the whole mediæval period, with which the work concludes,— discussing, in ten elaborate essays, the religious belief, the literature, philosophy, and art, that have grown up along with, or out of, “Latin Christianity.” But all these, in our present view, are of less interest than that vast overshadowing do-

minion, from which it required the most terrible and obstinate struggle of all history to emancipate the nations; and which, though with shadowy sceptre and faltering hand, still at each crisis of European events affects to wield the ancient thunders of the Vatican.

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ART. VI.—PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF SCHLEIERMACHER.

*Aus Schleiermacher's Leben. In Briefen.* Berlin. 1858.

THIS pleasingly German title introduces a pleasingly German book in two volumes. It presents passages "from Schleiermacher's life." It does not profess to be a biography, or to give a detailed account of all that Schleiermacher wrote and all that he accomplished. It gives some glimpses of how he lived. These glimpses are furnished by no outside descriptions, but by his own letters, letters which deal very little in narration, and are nowhere a mere journal of events. It is therefore a picture of the interior life of Schleiermacher, drawn unconsciously to himself.

These letters are connected by a slender thread in the shape of a Preface to each division of the book, which explains sufficiently the circumstances under which they were written, introducing some of the characters to whom Schleiermacher alludes in his letters, and to whom he writes. This is the most attractive form in which a biography can appear. It has the interest of a portrait which has created itself. It does not appear in the forced position of a daguerrotype, taken consciously under the glare of an inquisitive sun, in a close, stupefying atmosphere. It expresses itself.

Some remarks in the Preface to the whole book show how it was a necessity of Schleiermacher's character to carry into all the relations of life his own deepest convictions, never suffering anything that was purely conventional in his intercourse with other men. This gives an especial charm to his letters to his friends, in which he is not satisfied with a mere show of words, but insists upon filling with them

his own true nature. "A letter," he says, "is a regular piece of work, and it must in its peculiar manner be applied to, even while it comes from, the heart." And these letters combine a vigor of thought with the impulsiveness of a warm nature.

In former pages of the *Examiner*, the character and works of Schleiermacher have been discussed, and honor has been paid to his wide influence and peculiar position as reformer, preacher, and thinker; and it is unnecessary to dwell here upon all that this influence has already exercised, and is yet to exercise. It is interesting to see, in these private letters to intimate friends, how the greatness of the man betrays itself, the largeness of his aims, and the generosity of his habit of thought. While there is no summing up of work done, always rather a regret for the little that has been accomplished, they show the industry and close application of the German student from his earliest years. There is constant allusion to labor, the variety of which would astonish even an American, to which his letters are a mere interruption,—labor upon such things as critical writings, contributions to the *Athenæum*, and other literary essays, his Discourses upon Religion, his translation of Plato, etc.,—all being incidental to his duties as a preacher. He exclaims:—

"You see I am again brought up at the beginning of the fifth Discourse. Why are beginnings so difficult? It seems as if ideas followed the law of gravitation. The heavier ones collect toward the centre, and the lighter ones lose themselves so gradually in the general space surrounding, that one in vain seeks for the outer beginning of the line of attraction, and in the end is obliged to determine arbitrarily the limits of this atmosphere by some one decisive sentence."—Vol. I. p. 220.

The earlier part of the first volume of this work is devoted mostly to the correspondence between Schleiermacher and his father and mother. Many of these letters were written at the time of his separation from the Moravian community, and his breaking his connection with that sect, leaving the Moravian institution at Barby, and establishing himself at Halle, much to the anxiety and sorrow of his father. In his letters to him, explaining his dissatisfaction with the narrowing limits of the Moravian institutions, while he speaks decisively of his



own opinions, it is always with tenderness toward those of his father. It is among these letters that we find this concise expression of opinion:—

“I cannot believe that he who only called himself the Son of man was the ever-true God; I cannot believe that his death was an intercessory atonement; because he nowhere expresses it so, and because I cannot believe it was necessary. For God, since he has not created men for perfection, but only to strive for it, could not possibly punish them because they are not perfect.”—Vol. I. p. 45.

It is interesting to find how the mind of Schleiermacher preserved its consistency of opinion, for we find him, more than forty years afterwards, writing to his wife thus:—

“I have something at heart to say about your letter to Hildchen, dearest mother. You are constantly in the habit of speaking always of the Saviour, and allowing God to remain in the background. If indeed it is the Saviour who speaks to us through nature, then must there be no longer a direct relation with God permitted. And yet he himself glorifies that we through him should come to God, *and* that the Father abides with us. The true simplicity of Christianity perishes otherwise in an arbitrary way, such as Christ himself would not have approved of. May the poor child only not become confused between your manner of teaching and mine! Dearest heart, hold fast to this, with Christ and through him, to rejoice freshly and joyfully in God, our Father and his.”—Vol. II. p. 434.

The latter part of the first volume, and the first part of the second, contain the most interesting letters. They embrace the period of Schleiermacher's residence in Berlin as preacher at the *Charité* hospital there, at Stolpe as court preacher, at Halle as professor, and again at Berlin as professor, “at the earlier period of his life, while he stood alone in the world, when it was a necessity of his heart to express all that moved his inner life by the most intimate communications with friends, both men and women.” (Preface, pp. 3, 4.)

His letters to his sister give more of a journal of Schleiermacher's life than we find in his other letters. He seemed to consider it a duty to sit down, two or three times a year, and give her an account of his doings, the friends he had made, and his manner of thought. As she was still attached to the

Moravian community, these were frequently at variance with her views ; and his letters therefore often assume a defensive tone. In one of them he says : —

“ Tell me, dear, do you not act too closely upon the system of social life which prevails in the Moravian community ? and do you not bring too little into account the difference between the community and the world ? In the community, one is educated by solitude and silent meditation ; in the world, this education can only be gained by manifold and well-combined activity. These are two different ways, but both are good ; and every man has only to see that he hits upon that which is suitable to his nature, and that he places himself fairly where he can best follow this out. A man who wishes to develop himself rather in affairs, or as the family friend in many different homes, would be a very superfluous person in the community ; indeed, he would there be worthy of blame, and would in every way do much better to remove himself from it, because he could not adapt himself to the community principles. But of as little use in the world would that man be who wished to shut himself up within himself, and live in your way. He would fill his place in life but poorly, and, in the midst of the world, would be but a member of the community, and would do better to go into it. I could promise to find in the world a hundred thousand respectable men who would not understand you at all when you say that this multifarious life, this divided interest, hinders self-observation and the knowledge of one’s own heart. They would say such was the only means of arriving at such a knowledge. We cannot learn to know ourselves, nor at the same time to know other men, if we do not see active life ; and much must remain hidden in our natures if not brought out by new and varying relations and events. You see how different the points of view may be, and will also easily see that each may be right in its own way. It is with the soul as with the body : the body, if accustomed to a small and sparing diet, may easily be affected by something in itself apparently small. One accustomed to stronger and more frequent incentives requires more active provocatives to produce any effect. The first is your case, in your quiet and simple life ; little things to which one is not susceptible in the world lead you to meditation, and disclose something to you. This is a privilege ; and I give thanks to my community life that I possess it in a higher grade than men whom I know in the world, who require to be thrown into a great excitement to gain any profit. . . .

“ There is, indeed, a true intermediate position between a business and worldly life and a life among the brethren. In order to compare

both points of view, take this to heart: every man must, by all means, stand in a position of moral companionship; he must have one or more human beings with whom he can share his innermost being, heart, and conduct; nothing must be possible to him which he cannot somewhere share outside of himself. All this lies in the Divine expression, 'It is not good for man to be alone.' — Vol. I. pp. 214, *et seq.*

Schleiermacher in after life often speaks of the Moravians with affection, and acknowledges the happy influence which their teachings had upon him early in life. To these influences in a great part, indeed, may have been due much of the fervor of his after-writings. As late as 1817, he writes thus, after visiting a community, to his wife: —

"I have always a very peculiar feeling when I visit the Moravians; a great part of my youth, and the decisive moment for the whole development of my life, stand before me. This transition point, however incidental it may appear on one side, on all others seems of such importance to me, that I can scarcely think of myself without it. And, little as it would suit me to live within the timid limitations of a Moravian community, yet its simple, quiet life floats toward me, in opposition to the frivolous, noisy world, in such a way that I think and feel that, remodelled in a measure to suit the spirit of the time, it might become something noble, and worthy of envy." — Vol. II. p. 326.

His sister, in her quiet community, anxious for his marriage, which she believed necessary to his complete happiness, appears to have disliked his friendships with married women. In this, too, he frequently defends himself. In speaking of his friendship for Madame Herz, the wife of a physician in Berlin, he says: —

"It is a friendship truly intimate and cordial, in which the question of man and woman does not enter. Is not this easily imagined? Why it has not been mixed up in our friendship, and why it will not be, indeed, is another question; but one not difficult to answer. She has never made such an impression on me as would disturb the peace of my heart; and whoever understands the expression of his feelings, easily recognizes in them anything of a passionate nature. And if I gave play to external influences, I should find she had no fascinating power over me there. Her face is indeed incontestably beautiful, while her grand and queenly figure is so sorely the opposite of mine, that, if I could figure to myself that we should ever both be free, and



should love each other, and might marry each other, I should always find so much that is laughable and distasteful to me on this side, that I could disregard it only on very weighty grounds. Of our intercourse together I must have said quite enough to you; but if you would know more of it, ask me; for I am anxious that you should understand it all completely." — Vol. I. p. 273.

At this period Schleiermacher entered into a close friendship with Friedrich Schlegel, which continued through many years; an intimacy (as we are told in the Preface to the second part of the first volume) that, "more from internal reasons than from outward circumstances, if not wholly dissolved, passed at last far in the background." We quote the account that Schleiermacher gives his sister of the manner in which they "set up housekeeping" with each other.

He had previously thus described Schlegel: —

"He is a young man of twenty-five years, of knowledge so broad that it is hard to understand how it is possible, with so much youth, to know so much, — of an original mind, which even here, where there is already so much mind and talent, yet surpasses all, and with manners of peculiar unaffectedness, openness, and childlike youthfulness, whose harmony with each other is perhaps the most remarkable part of all.

"*Nota bene*, he bears my Christian name; he is called Friedrich; he is like me in many natural defects; he is not musical, does not draw, does not like French, and has weak eyes." — Vol. I. pp. 169, *et seq.*

"A glorious change in my existence does Schlegel's living with me make! How new it is for me that I need only open my door in order to speak to a reasonable being, that I can give and receive a 'good-morning' as soon as I wake, that somebody sits opposite me at dinner, and that I can have some one with whom to share the good spirits that I am accustomed to rejoice in, in the evening. Schlegel gets up usually an hour earlier than I do, because, on account of my eyes, I do not venture to burn a light in the morning; and my hours are such that I do not get my full sleep before half past eight. But he lies in bed and reads. I wake commonly at the tinkling of his coffee-cup. From his bed, he can open the door that separates his room from my sleeping-chamber, and so we begin our morning talk. When I have breakfasted, we work some hours without regard to each other; but usually there is a little pause before dinner, for eating an apple, (of

which we have a fine common stock of the choicest kinds,) when we talk generally of the objects of our several studies. Then comes the second period of labor till dinner-time, at half past two. I have meals, as you know, from the 'Charité.' Schlegel has his brought from a restaurant. Whichever comes first is consumed, then the other, after which we drink a couple of glasses of wine; so that we pass nearly an hour at our dinner. I cannot speak so definitely of the afternoon; alas! I must confess that I am usually the first to take flight and the last to come home. Still, the half of the day is not wholly consecrated to social enjoyment. I have lectures once or twice a week, and read sometimes, — let it be understood *privatissime*, only to one or two good friends, — and then I go where my pleasure leads me. When I come home in the evening, between ten and eleven, I find Schlegel still up; he appears to have waited only to bid me good-night, and then to go to bed. I then seat myself, and work usually till two o'clock, for from then till half past eight one gets sleep enough. Our friends have pleased themselves with calling our living together a marriage, and have generally decided that I must be the wife. Fun and earnest in plenty have come out of it." — Vol. I. pp. 176, 177.

This volume also contains the history of a romance in Schleiermacher's life, — his friendship and love for Eleanore Grunow. We quote again from the Preface to this part of the work: —

"Eleanore G. lived in a childless marriage, in a connection which, according to Schleiermacher's opinion, did not deserve to be called a marriage, because it failed in the essential closer requirements of a true marriage.

"This view, which coincided closely with his whole manner of thought at the time, as well as with the intellectual views of the period in which he moved, and which by no means arose from his own personal position on this occasion, attracted Schleiermacher with the most ardent inclination toward Eleanore G. And although he held the breaking off of her marriage as a moral duty in and for itself, and for this reason by no means dependent upon such an event, yet he had declared that, later, if she should become free, he would unite himself with her. But Eleanore G. could never reconcile herself completely to this view, and after a long struggle and much hesitation between different conclusions, which appeared to Schleiermacher as a weakness, she resolved to renounce him completely, and from that time the whole intercourse was dissolved.

"Fourteen years later, so a living witness relates, as Schleiermacher met Eleanore by chance in a large company, he approached her, gave her his hand, and said to her, 'Dear Eleanore, God has still dealt kindly with us.'"

His letters to this lady and to Henriette Herz, whose house in Berlin was at that time the centre of an intellectual and animated social circle, are exceedingly interesting.

In the deep sorrow at his separation from Eleanore Grunow, Schleiermacher found a consolation in the happy marriage of an intimate friend, Ehrenfried von Willich, with whom, and with his wife Henriette, he kept up a close correspondence. A few years after the death of Von Willich, he married his widow, Henriette von Willich, still only twenty years old, — a widow with two children.

His letters to his betrothed, with her replies, form the first part of the second volume. They show a most charming tenderness, geniality, and earnestness on his side; and on hers the same warmth, a child-like reverence toward him, — for he was twenty years older than his bride, — with the playful, impulsive love of a young girl. In view of this correspondence we hardly know how to apply to Schleiermacher the terms that Carlyle uses somewhere, — "the Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken with his wire-drawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly, malicious ways." We can scarcely find any of these characteristics in these warm, genial, playful, yet earnest letters. There are allusions, however, to his manner in company which does not interest him, that may in a measure account for some of these phrases. We quote from a letter to his betrothed, her reply, and his rejoinder to that, giving the latter with its close, by way of contrast to the less genial expressions toward society in general: —

"Yesterday evening was tedious enough. I was in a party of people none of whom pleased me, all of such inferior views! What a pretty prattling of absurdities over the present state of affairs! I do one of several things on such occasions. Either I plunge into the bitterest sarcasms and make the people dumb, or I turn everything into jest, or I do not speak a word, or I enter into their tone, and trifle with them so lightly that they are in continual doubt as to what it all



means. Just as the spirit of society seizes me, I choose involuntarily one of these methods, and continue the rest of the evening practising it. In either case the rest are uneasy, and wish me to all the devils, and talk tremendously about me afterwards; but I cannot possibly do otherwise if they will be such miserable fools." — Vol. II. p. 223.

From Henriette, in answer: —

"It is interesting, indeed, what you say of your manner to others! But tell me in earnest, would it not be worth while to point out to them the truth? Are there not many among them who would offer their hand to the good, if they could recognize it, but are too weak to discern it themselves? Indeed, in Rügen here, many complaints are spread abroad about you, because you would never express yourself in company on important subjects. Many are disturbed, when they have brought some subject on the carpet, of which they would have gladly learned something from you, and you were either wholly silent, or entered but little into their intentions, not saying anything especially appropriate; in short, appearing exactly as you describe yourself. Sometimes it prejudices some who would willingly accept better things." — Vol. II. p. 229.

In reply, Schleiermacher writes: —

"I am glad enough to come to explanations, but with men in general, dearest Jette, I am fearfully on my guard. If I am with one or two alone, it is not so; and if I observe that anything is to come of it, by discussing my opinion and another's with him on any subject, I willingly seek to have him alone with me, if I can only believe that it will lead to something. But in company I hate nothing more, and guard myself from nothing more, than what looks at a distance like an argument. Once for all, I cannot dispute without going too deeply to the bottom, and this is not suitable for that lighter essence which should prevail in company; therefore I turn to the very lightest of all, break off, or make fun of it, that the talk may not grow too earnest. In disputing, too, if any one indulges in common or wholly incoherent remarks, such as betray a low state of sentiment, I cannot answer for myself to what degree I shall become bitter or angry. . . .

"The larks have already whirled over us; we are having the loveliest days of spring. Dearest Jette, how I rejoice, when I think how nearly the time of my journey approaches! How near draws the new, beautiful, fresh life! I am already familiarizing myself with its closest details, and often there hovers over me a smile that no one can unriddle, when I am painting to myself some little matter, some jest, some

precious moment. I rejoice much that every one knows of my happiness, and that I can speak of it to everybody; and I do speak of wife and children as one who has suddenly grown rich and prattles of his thousands." — Vol. I. pp. 233, 234.

In these letters we find nothing but geniality, expressing always kindness of heart and consideration for others. We quote again from a playful correspondence on the subject of a portrait of Schleiermacher, which he had sent to his betrothed as a Christmas present: —

"Your letter has come to me like a New Year's present. You have such joy, dear heart, over the picture, that I am sorry that I wrote you lately so jestingly about it. You plainly practise an idolatry toward it, sweet bride; but shall I not be glad of it? I allow myself, indeed, to be willingly pleased that the eye of love flatters me, and I can scarcely tell you how it has moved me. Yet I beg you earnestly, do not make of the picture such a picture of me that you cannot find again in me. My brow has perhaps something peculiar and characteristic in it, but handsome it is not indeed; and of my eyes the artist could say as little good as myself. You know how I always complain of their immovable, glassy nature. I believe that they are rather curtains for my soul than windows, and am vexed that so little can be read in them of what goes on in me. But you know there is a saying, and surely not a fabulous one, that if married people live together as they should, for a long time, they grow like each other. You shall see what you can make out of these bad eyes." — Vol. II. p. 202.

In answer, Henriette writes: —

"How you do talk about the picture! Pray be reconciled to sending it to me. I have the dear face with all its *canaille* impressed upon me in many ways, and far more tenderly than the picture impresses me; but there is an influence especially peculiar in coming suddenly before a portrait. The silent presence, often so animating, so inspiring, so purifying, — no, I thank you from my whole heart that you gave it to me. When I have you, perhaps indeed it may be no longer to me what it is now."

In our rendering of these letters we are obliged to rob them of the tenderness expressed in the German "Du," which scarcely finds its fit translation in the English "thou." The use of the term "thou" by the Friends even is rather a tribute to truthfulness, which will not make use of the plural

number when only a single person is to be addressed, than the sentiment which singles out the one dearest person from the many. In this respect the English use of language is defective, and in translation we succeed only in giving a formal tone, rather than an endearing one, in an effort to use the more intimate "thou" of a foreign language.

The letters after Schleiermacher's marriage grow naturally less frequent.

"These intimate correspondences naturally fall into an earlier period of Schleiermacher's life, but cease after he established a home and found simultaneously a circle of duties which demanded all his powers and activity, in a way which scarcely allowed him time to carry on an intercourse by writing with his friends, as he had done before, and which was a necessity for him. This necessity, indeed, existed no longer, since he was no longer impelled to seek at a distance what he now found at hand, and in his own family." — *Preface*, p. vi.

The doors of the home-life thus close upon us, and we miss exceedingly the warm pictures which these intimate letters have given us. We have afterwards pleasant glimpses of it in the family correspondence during little absences from home. Among these are interesting letters from Schleiermacher after he was established in the professor's chair at Berlin, when Berlin was threatened with an invasion from the French army, in 1813. He had sent his family into Silesia.

In an earlier letter, in 1806, he had thus expressed himself to a friend: —

"I am sure that Germany, the flower of Europe, will fashion itself again in beauteous form; but when, and whether only after far harder afflictions, and after a long time of heavy oppression, God knows. I should fear nothing, meanwhile, more than a shameful peace, which will leave behind an appearance, but only an appearance, of national existence and freedom. But even upon this I am at rest; for if the nation consents to be pleased with this, it is only not yet ripe for improvement, and those heavier chastisements beneath which it shall ripen will not then long remain behind. It is thus, dear friend, that I am wholly at rest as regards personality, the lesser need, and nationality, the greater need, however discouragingly both appear; but what lies between, the manner in which the individual can influence the whole in all scientific and ecclesiastical organizations, it is this that fills me with care." — Vol. II. p. 77.



The letters of his wife are written in a charming and lively style. In one of his absences, Schleiermacher thus regrets that he has not her power of description:—

“Pardon me that I write you all this, but I would like, since you are not here, to make it all real to you; but I know that it is not my strong point; and it would be better that you should travel, and that I should stay at home.”

An extract from one of these letters of his wife, written from the sea-shore, where she had gone with some of the children for their health, will give some little idea of their family circle:—

“Since I have written you, we have been very dissipated here. The W.’s, H. and daughters, visited us one beautiful afternoon. They were very cordial; we made ourselves as hospitable as we could. With them came Carl Kathen on horseback; this youth, beloved of great and small, raised a great jubilee. He had before promised to visit us. The children tore him to pieces with joy; a bed had to be made for him in the miller’s parlor. Saturday he persuaded us into a journey to Stubben Kammer; we went in the divinest of weather, and were thoroughly delighted. We found there company enough; we did not allow ourselves to be disturbed by it, but under the green trees had our potatoes and chocolate, which I had taken with us, and did not trouble ourselves with anybody. But a thunder-storm, with a violent shower of rain, troubled itself about us; we were forced to leave our green seat. The delicate ones of the party sought the building, the stronger stayed at the door of the house; so we were confined to one place from four till six, while it rained incessantly. Then it cleared up, and we set out to return. But alas! our joy was short; the rain soon came again so vehemently that our cloaks could no longer hold out against it. Fearing we should all take cold, I consented to take a roundabout way to Saggard, partly, too, on account of the bad road through the woods, which after the rain was neck-breaking. The rain ceased, and we had a wonderful sight: the sun came out shortly before setting, and through the vapor spread such a wonderful light, such enamelled coloring, as I never remember to have seen. I was heavy at heart on Gertrude’s account, as to how she would stand it. Indeed, we were all the next day out of trim bodily, Gertrude a little paler than usual. Ah! *mein Alter*, you can imagine how much harder such hours are for me here, than in our quiet life, where we are secure in the neighborhood of a physician and available remedies. But God has held his hand kindly over

us. By the second day, all had passed over, and Gertrude was again as before. . . . .

"You see that we do not escape here without our share of dissipation. Of work little is done, even in the days when we are quiet at home; lessons are not to be thought of, on account of want of time and place. I wake and rise about seven. The children are very tired, and I have trouble to get them up. After breakfast we read a chapter in the Bible, and some songs of Albertini's, then we sit together and work till ten. During this time there is often something to be done about the house. Then I go down to the bathing-place and play bath-woman. I help one after the other in and out. When I am through with all, I send them all away, that they may take a brisk walk and get warm, keeping Lina only with me. I rest myself as much as is necessary, and then step myself into the blue tide, which I can assure you is far more delightful in idea than reality. By this time it is noon. After dinner we indulge in a *little* rest, drink coffee, work, and read aloud, then before sunset comes walking and supper; and afterwards putting the little ones to bed. By this time it is nine o'clock, and we elders sit up till ten, wandering out in the close darkness or by moonlight through a tolerably long footpath to the village, by our dear mill, then back to 'Ruheheim.' To-night I have sent M. to bed before me. That she may not be too unhappy when I come to disturb her, I break off now, and say good night to you, my dear, true husband, — truest and best, God's blessing to me." — pp. 364–366.

We would gladly give more of these happy home-letters, but must close with a few selections from other letters, mostly those to Henriette Herz, or Eleanore Grunow; which may be regarded as characteristic, as he writes to his sister: "I can more easily attach myself to women than to men, since there is so much in my disposition that the latter rarely understand."

"I always believe that it is the duty of the body to suffer with the soul, and that the body which has not this power denies the soul its services in other cases when it ought not to be suffering, but active."

"Since not one man is like another, and no two human beings like two others, so their product, marriage, must be always different. In arithmetic, it does very well to say 'three times eight makes the same as four times six,' but in the spiritual world it is not so."

"I hope we shall be able to bring about sleeping bodily while we are awake spiritually. That will be a good time!"

"Let us always seek quality in time; that is the best anticipation we can have of its quantity."

"Winter;—the interlude between the last generation of this year's roses and the first of next year's."

"Indeed, women are in this more fortunate than we are; their affairs are satisfied with a part of their thought, and the longing of the heart, the inner beautiful life of fancy, rules always the greater part. When I, on the contrary, go to my work, I must regularly take leave of my beloveds, as the father of the house whose business is outside the house, and if meanwhile a thought of them passes consciously through my soul, I can only nod at it kindly, as the father to his children playing round him, with whom he cannot have intercourse. It seems so to me, from which I see, that the nature of women appears the nobler and their life happier; and, when I play with an impossible wish, it is this, — to be a woman."

"It is pitiable, when a book is understood only with the understanding; and usually nothing more is expected of either reader or book. But whoever possesses a great understanding along with fancy, he can easily learn all lesser things, or do without them, as he pleases. In this women are strong, because so much rest is allowed them; and if any amends is given them for not permitting them a position with regard to exact sciences and civil society, it is in this relation that civil society suppresses the fancy, and the less exactly they know, the more significantly does it appear *how* they might know everything."

"As to my riches, my dearly loved Jette, you are completely right. But believe I keep a close account of them. Do you think that I do not feel it all, and that it does not make me happy? No; I am not so base as that; and I often say to myself, there can be few happier men than I. But cannot even the richest man have a moment of want when he has put everything out at interest? See now, this is just my case; I have no money at hand, and all the percents I might offer would not help at all. No one can help me but you, because you send me regular remittances. Your letters help not only my being, but also my doing; indeed, it is they alone to which I cling, and without which all the feeling of my riches can help in no way my doing and my labors."

"The closest friendship does and must allow of the closest friendship, and its fairest privilege lies in this, that the friend loves his friend *with* his faults, while others often love him only because they do not see them."

"Yesterday P. was here; he is to preach next week before the king."



He has greatly lamented that he came so early, and must carry about in his head the sermon on which his whole destiny hangs, and which must be a highly disagreeable and critical piece of work. I tried to make him comprehend that it was an entirely false view, to think that his fate rested on this one sermon; it may be, like any other, the expression of his own opinions, his principles of duty, and his peculiar manner; and whether it succeeds or does not succeed, the result depends on all these things, and not on the one sermon."

"I can indeed say that my friends do not die for me. I take their life on with me, and their influence never ceases; but their dying kills me. The life of friendship is a beautiful series of chords, the ground tone of which dies when the friend leaves the world. It is true, a long unbroken echo of it sounds within, and the music continues; but the accompanying harmony in him for which I was the ground tone has died out with him; and that was mine, as that in me was his. My influence in him has ceased, so a part of life is lost. With the dead dies each living being, and he to whom many friends have died, dies at last a death from their hands when shut out from all that influence on others which had formed his world,—his spirit pressed back upon itself consumes itself."

For Schleiermacher there was not reserved this feeling of desertion which he pictures in the last passage quoted. He was constantly creating fresh interests around him. He made himself so necessary to others, that he could enjoy the reflection of the influence he himself was spreading abroad; and this influence was so wide, that his spirit was not "left to consume itself," but till the last moment lived in a harmony of its own wakening.

The extracts we have given will afford some idea of the charm of a memoir which reveals the intimate feelings and habits of a man already known and beloved in the varied positions of religious reformer and teacher, "philosopher, philologist, and scholar." The volumes close with a description of the quiet, peaceful hours of Schleiermacher's death. This took place not long after his journey to Sweden and Norway, on his return from which he was received at Copenhagen with warm enthusiasm. The account of the festival on this occasion has a peculiar interest, as showing the feelings of love and veneration which attended him to his latest hours.

## ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THEOLOGY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

NEARLY three years ago, we received information from M. Coquerel that he had been appointed by the churches of France to prepare a work which might well tax all his powers for the residue of his life. As the senior in position and influence, if not in years, of the Protestant body in France, it was fit that he, if any one, should review their history, and give the first draft of a form which they might all accept as a constitution and charter. The choice was certainly not altogether free from objections. Orthodox zealots might complain that one whose faith had departed so widely from the creed of Calvin should attempt to lay down rules for the Church which the friends of Calvin founded. The Church of the provinces might dread in this voice from the powerful Consistory of the city an attempt at ecclesiastical dominion. The very surpassing reputation of M. Coquerel for eloquence and scholarship would be in the minds of many a prejudice against him.

It was with some reluctance, therefore, that M. Coquerel undertook this otherwise congenial task. In his draft \* he has not attempted any innovations, has not suggested even any new methods or rules, but has set down only that for which he had in the acts and constitutions of the existing churches the most abundant warrant. His own personality hardly appears, and his work is as free from egotism as it is from dictation. He has omitted nothing necessary to make the work complete; yet, after the two hundred octavo pages which he gives to the rules and regulations, which state what *is*, rather than what shall be or ought to be, he leaves us admiring the freedom of this French Protestantism, so much freer in many respects than our New England Congregationalism. We could fill many pages with interesting details taken from this *Projet de Discipline*, but must limit ourselves to the mention of a few peculiarities of the French Protestant Church which it exhibits. One is, that no foreigner can be a minister in that Church. The minister must be either a native born or the descendant of a French refugee. Another is, that a minister who, by his own choice or fault, leaves the ministry, must pay back the money which he received in aid of his studies. A candidate must be twenty-five years of age before he can be ordained, unless a special dispensation is made in his case. If for ten years after his ordination he has had no pastoral charge, he is deemed then to be inefficient, and his name is stricken from the roll of the ministry.

Though pastors are appointed to the French churches by the Consistory, no pastor can be forced upon a church against the will of the majority. Every pastor who leaves his parish must give previous notice of the time of his farewell sermon, and no pecuniary arrangement

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\* *Projet de Discipline pour les Églises Reformées de France, avec une Introduction historique et des Notes, présenté à la Commission du Conseil Central, par le Pasteur ATHANASE COQUEREL. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1861. 8vo. pp. 348.*

which he may make with his successor is valid. "All ecclesiastical functions are gratuitous," a noteworthy fact, since among the ten pastoral functions mentioned are baptisms, marriage services, funerals, and services on committees. All these ought to be done without expectation of fee or reward. Posture in prayer is indifferent, and a minister may say it standing, kneeling, or sitting. The service, all over the kingdom, must be in good French; *patois* is allowed only in special cases. The French idea is not favorable to *vulgarizing* prayer and preaching by colloquial style or by slang phrases, and the Consistory wants no Spurgeons in its pulpits. In the choice of texts and subjects, ministers are expected to avoid obscure and disputed topics, and to select such as are "edifying." They are not to preach politics, or to be personal in their remarks, or to say anything which shall seem to reflect upon the conduct of individuals in the congregation, or to denounce either the clergy or the laity of the Roman Church. They may deal with matters of theological controversy, but always prudently and without personality. They must not give out notices from the pulpit of matters which have nothing to do with the Church.

Pastors cannot absent themselves from their parishes without leave. They are not allowed to accept any bequests made to them by parishioners whom they have visited in sickness; or to have anything to do with collecting the money raised for the expenses of worship; or to have any other profession, or engage in any lucrative calling which can take their attention from their regular work; or to wear any other than black clothes. Their salaries are very moderate. They have a house, comfortably furnished, and in parishes of less than 5,000 souls, \$300 per annum. In parishes of from 5,000 to 20,000, they have \$360; of 30,000 or more, \$400; and in Paris, \$600. This population is not, however, the charge of the Protestant minister, but is only the reckoning of the census, most of it, of course, being Catholic.

As to the "Temples," they must be plain, with no statues, pictures, or legends, except the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Decalogue. Crosses are not allowed, except by special permission. The seats are to be free, at least for a portion of the service; and if rented, on account of the poverty of the church, the renting must be annual, and a quarter at least reserved as free. No temple ought to be used for any purpose foreign to worship, and no placards are allowed to be stuck upon its walls. The churches must not stand so near that the worship in one hinders the worship in another. Every minister must send to the two libraries of the Church at Paris and at Nismes a copy of every work which he publishes.

These are only a few of the peculiarities of the French Protestant Church, as they are drawn out in M. Coquerel's scheme. We would gladly dwell upon some views of the Introduction, in which the large and generous sympathies of the author conspicuously appear. M. Coquerel is opposed to all kinds of religious tyranny and coercion, and does not believe that piety can be promoted by any kind of penal discipline. He would make the communion-table as free as possible, and would not use the power of excommunication or anathema. His testimony is em-



phatic, that Congregationalism is the earliest and the best form of church government. We hope to hear that his *Projet* has been adopted by the unanimous consent of the Reformed Churches of France, not merely as a mark of respect to the author, but as a confession of its intrinsic excellence.

THESE latter years have been peculiarly rich in works on Church History. Besides those we have noticed, we have received the fourth volume of Gieseler's indispensable "Text-Book," covering the Reformation Period (A. D. 1517-1648). The entire work, with its unique qualities of condensed, clear narrative, and ample citations, is a sort of library in little, far more interesting and serviceable to the student than any consecutive narration.

We are promised the republication, by Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., of Stanley's Lectures on the Eastern Church, whose admirable qualities we have already noticed.

Since the publication of Milman's Latin Christianity, the most important learned contribution, in English, to this department is undoubtedly Mr. Greenwood's "Cathedra Petri,"\* the first volume of which was characterized in this journal at the time of its appearing. It is special, not general, in its aim, being a political history of the Papacy, not a general history of the times, like Milman's, or a religious history of them, like Neander's. It is an extended dissertation, — a vast monograph, of which three volumes carry us only to the close of the tenth century. As a narrative it is rather heavy, but gains in vigor and point as it goes on. Mr. Greenwood is unsparing in his exposure of the worldly and false basis on which the fabric of ecclesiastical power was built. For some periods and topics, his work is of great service. We have seen nowhere else so able and full a narrative of the struggle with the Lombards, which had so important a bearing on the relations of Rome with the Eastern Church; of the fury of the war against Images; of the institutions of Charlemagne, which borrowed from the model of church government and paid back by laying the firm framework of the Papal States in Italy; of the stupendous fraud of the "Isidorian Decretals," brought forward on the "Field of Lies" in 833, when the grand vision of "one Church, one Empire" was dissolved, and a new basis of the Papacy had to be found; of the long controversy which Hincmar, the great prelate of France, waged with three successive Popes; of the Roman "Heterocracy" of the tenth century, which marked the lowest point of papal degradation, and called for the vigorous reforming hand of Otho.

With the help of our author, we may trace the rise of the papal supremacy very clearly through the following steps: the half-unconscious assumption of secular power by the bishopric at the fall of the Roman Empire (Leo I.); the balance of claims between the Roman Church and the Byzantine, which desires compromise, and offers the

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\* Cathedra Petri. A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. By THOMAS GREENWOOD, Barister at Law. London: Thickbroom Brothers.

obnoxious "Henoticon"; the arrangements growing out of the Lombard conquests, which wrested North Italy from the Eastern Empire; the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne; the influence accruing through the Monothelitic and Iconoclastic controversies; the enormous forgery of the Isidorian Decretals; the struggle between central and local church authority (Nicolas I. and Hincmar); the asserted right of the Church as umpire in the long feuds among the descendants of Charlemagne; and, finally, the relations with the German Empire, growing out of Otho's protectorate, and leading to the grand final struggle under Hildebrand.

On the other hand, the history of purely theological controversies, or religious movements, is intentionally meagre; and the names of the great hero-missionaries of the Church only appear in connection with their feudal subservience to their spiritual lord in Rome. The Council of Nicæa is considered as "a simple measure of administration." The pagan Empire was the true foundation of the Christian dynasty which succeeded; "the putrescence of the Empire was as manure at the root of the Papacy"; and "the soul of the Roman Senate and people had silently crept into, and found a welcome refuge in, the bosom of the Church." These points indicate sufficiently the scope and spirit of a work which will be interesting to scholars, and indispensable for historical critics, but is too limited in range and too copious in treatment to attract the majority of readers.

THE third volume of Mr. Hopkins's *History of the Puritans*\* brings us to the death of Queen Elizabeth, and so completes the projected work. We hope it will be extended, so as to cover the great colonizing and militant period of Puritanism, in the reigns of James and Charles. It is a work that clearly has its place in the grand historical library gathering under the pens of contemporary writers. Everything that throws light on the momentous conflict that raged, with hardly a respite, from Luther's defiance of the Pope to the Peace of Westphalia, is worth the careful study of this generation. The works of Motley and Froude offer themselves most readily for comparison with this. But Motley, whose field is on the Continent, can deal only in the most incidental way with the aspects of the struggle in England; while Froude, with all his admirable candor and nice historic sense and true human feeling, has but a shy and far-off sympathy with the rude popular elements of Reform, and is inclined to disparage those preachers of Gospel righteousness who stood aloof from the tremendous struggle for national existence during the time of the Tudors. So that Mr. Hopkins not only has produced a work all glowing with personal feeling, and hearty appreciation of the special work of these reformers, but brings into vivid light points of the great controversy which we were likely to forget or overlook. He believes fully in the Divine commission given to England to sunder the bonds of Church and State,—a task to which

\* *The Puritans; or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth.* By SAMUEL HOPKINS. Vol. III. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

no race less energetic and resolute could be competent (p. 16); and in the special interposition of Providence to defeat the great final effort of Spain to crush the heretic nation in 1588. He gives abundant details of the Catholic conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth; shows that Mary Stuart was fully implicated in them, or at least privy to them, so that she could not be safely spared; yet argues that the whole tragical tissue of crime and vengeance came from the original wrong of detaining Mary as a prisoner. How the brutal penalties of the English treason law were inflicted on men innocent of any plot, victims of friendship for the victims of Jesuit arts, and how the web of treachery was unravelled by Walsingham's more subtle skill, we find told here with all the interest and freshness of a new tale.

The drift of the book, as touching the Puritans, covers two points, — their agency as champions of political liberty and reform, pioneers of the freedom of Parliamentary debate, — and the unjust, malignant, and mean persecution of them by the prelates, especially the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Whitgift is shown to have been guilty of the blood of men whom he himself describes as "servants of God, but dangerous to the state." Why dangerous? The Puritans professed the heartiest loyalty to the Queen, and had done their full share to uphold the severest laws against the Catholics, designed to protect the royal life. Their vehement hostility, not to the English Church, of which they earnestly claimed to be members, — not to Episcopacy as such, — but to the relics of Romanism involved in it, — may seem to us extravagant and superstitious. Their strong Sabbatical convictions, which succeeded in drawing so broad a line between English and Continental Protestantism, put them at sharp odds with the doctrine of the clergy and the practice of the court. Yet these are light grounds for so vindictive a persecution as is recounted here. To the shame of English justice, and the dishonor of the English Church, the argument seems abundantly established, that personal spite, and bitterness at personal affronts, were at the bottom of the unrelenting war the prelates waged against the purest form of Christian piety then known. "Martin Mar-prelate" was bitter, coarse, and offensive in his attacks upon the priesthood; but his real name was never known, while pious missionaries and humble pastors and gentle women were dragged to the gallows, or poisoned with jail-fever, to expiate the hatred his sharp words had roused. The painful story has never, we suppose, been so vividly and fully told as here. The narrative of John Penry (John ap Henry, a young Welsh Puritan convert from Romanism) makes a considerable episode in this volume, idyllic, pathetic, tragic, as its successive scenes are drawn in the brisk dramatic style of the author. And the most shocking thing of all is, that the horrible cruelties here detailed were inflicted under cover of an old statute made to meet a wholly different set of cases; that they were hastened or urged in private pique at being foiled in Parliament, or attacked by some nameless pamphleteer; and that Elizabeth was systematically kept from knowledge of what was going on, lest her high spirit and quick intelligence should interfere. But once sharply cross-questioning her minis-



ters, she received from Whitgift the remarkable answer we have quoted before. "Alas!" she replied, "shall we put the servants of God to death?" "Henceforth," we are told, "her mind was changed; so that during her reign care was taken that no more Protestants should be put to death for their religion." (p. 542.)

A work of this sort we judge more from the value of the matter which is brought freshly and vigorously before the reader's mind, than from the specialities of form and style. As to this latter, one gets a little suspicious of the long details of dialogue, given as if authentic, and a little weary of the incessant affecting of the Tudor style in them. We think also that the Parliamentary proceedings are reported in far too great length and detail. Possibly objection might be taken to the jail scenes and scaffold scenes, as feeding a morbid and coarse taste for horrors; but these also are features of the Elizabethan period, and were tragical and too familiar facts to the pioneers of our religious liberties. Mr. Hopkins has done much to commend his work to the great majority of readers, by his attempt to portray the living speech of those whose sufferings he tells, and to draw the landscape they lived in, and the picture of their homes. And his handsome, lively, and well-attested pages are a most serviceable contribution to our knowledge of that age so fertile in remarkable events and heroic men.

THE work which Dr. Tulloch has just published \* is in some sense a sequel to his work on the "Leaders of the Reformation," which was received with great favor. It is in many respects superior to that work, written in a more intense sympathy, and with larger means of information. It is in five chapters. The first gives the introductory history of Puritanism, from its faint indications in the reigns of Henry and Mary, its bolder manifestations in the reign of Elizabeth, its open contests in the reign of James and against the prelates of Canterbury, and its triumph in the reign of the first Charles and the wars of the Commonwealth. This chapter, which is an admirable *résumé*, brings the history down to the appearance of Cromwell in public life. It contains the results of thought rather than any discussion of acts, and is not open to the charge of "special pleading," which lies against so much that has been written about the early Puritans.

Cromwell is the subject of the second chapter, the longest in the volume. With no redundancy of detail, the writer succeeds in condensing in his sketch all the important facts and movements in the life of this leader, and in furnishing a picture which in sharpness of outline, if not in richness of coloring, has not been surpassed by any of the portraits of the Lord Protector. Cromwell is to him the impersonation of Puritanism in its highest force, in its power over the wills, the actions, and the passions of men; the best product of the Puritan spirit in its

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\* English Puritanism and its Leaders, Cromwell, Milton, Baxter, Bunyan. By JOHN TULLOCH, D. D., Principal and Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrew's, and one of her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1861. 12mo. pp. 502.

conflict, its energy, its daring, and its trust. Dr. Tulloch does not gloss over Cromwell's defects of temper, and his mistakes of action are fairly admitted; he was violent, headstrong, often cruel, and at times brutal; his course was not always open, not always just; but, with all his failings, he was an honest man, a true patriot, and a sincere believer. His mistakes were rather errors of judgment, than the efforts of a base ambition. His usurpation was for the safety of the state and from the call of God, and not for any selfish end. His piety was the moving spring of his action, and his work in the world was the natural issue of his conversion.

Milton is the subject of the third chapter. Dr. Tulloch follows the history of the Puritan scholar and poet with a genuine enthusiasm. His estimate of the prose of Milton, and its influence upon the mind of England, is more moderate than we might expect from so devoted an admirer. He admits that, with the exception of the "*Areopagitica*," the political and controversial works of Milton are not works on which the fame of a great writer can rest. Milton's liberalism in theology, according to Dr. Tulloch, was "the natural development of that spirit of freethinking, which, in him as in some others, struggled all along with the dogmatism of the time." Dr. Tulloch denies that the *Paradise Lost* represents in its theology the real creed of its author; maintaining rather, that, for the purposes of art, the poet used forms of expression and the features of a creed which the thinker had outgrown.

The Presbyterian Baxter is the subject of the fourth chapter; and we have never seen in English a sketch of that sickly, conscientious, and industrious theologian which will compare with this for discriminating fulness and justice. The weakness and the strength, the generosity and the narrowness, of the obstinate, yet kind-hearted minister, are brought into bold relief. Baxter's rigid Calvinist creed is not made amiable, as Dr. Tulloch presents it, and it appears as a hindrance to mental freedom and a source of confusion. Dr. Tulloch has evidently no sympathy with the system in its practical workings and its moral influence, and his picture of its wrong to human conduct and the private conscience is so sharply drawn as to make us believe that he has no love for the scheme of dogma itself. The spirit of his sketch is contained in the remark concerning Baxter's opinions, that "they touched distinctions, many of which have lost all vitality of meaning, and would be scarcely intelligible at present. To try to revive them would interest none but the theological reader, and would not in his case serve any good end."

The closing chapter, on Bunyan, though well written and just in its conclusions, is the least interesting of any in the volume. Bunyan's life is so comparatively insignificant, and is marked by such an obstinate and self-willed fanaticism, that its details become tiresome. It is evidently an effort for Dr. Tulloch to make a hero out of a zealot whose piety was largely compounded with absurdity, and not altogether lacking in vanity. He is compelled to present the visionary and spiritual side of Puritanism in the character of the tinker of Bedford; but the raptures, perplexities, and mental conflicts of this pietist have no

fascination for the Scotch common sense of his critic, who sees in the "Pilgrim's Progress" no half-inspired work, to be received as authority either for literary finish or for theological soundness, but a very human composition, with very human faults.

WE have registered the titles of several works of value in the department of Biblical exposition.

Professor Noyes's Translation of Job is too well known, and has been too long an admitted classic in this department, to need more than the mention of its third edition. Its accurate scholarship, its clear, excellent English, and its neat style of getting-up, will continue to secure it the favor it has so amply earned. The present edition has been carefully revised, and its renderings and criticisms brought into fair comparison with the works of recent Continental critics. The Preface announces a revision of "The Hebrew Prophets," whose publication, we fear, must wait for less evil times.

The erudite and the curious will find also the titles of a translation of the Psalms from the Syriac, — from which we hope to gather something of interest for our readers; and of the Psalms in parallel columns, Hebrew and English, for the help of students.

Mr. Ellicott's "Hulsean Lectures" on the Life of Christ are reverential, rather diffuse, and almost homiletic in style, accompanied by notes of considerable erudition, the lecturer's theological position being sufficiently indicated in the title-page.

We have been somewhat disappointed in Mr. Trench's Commentary on the "Epistles to the Seven Churches," which is rather an expansion of the text, by way of edification, than a help to the exposition of the marvellous composition in which the epistles are found.

It may be worth while to mention in this connection a recent paper in the Westminster Review, containing a remarkably vivid and clear exposition of the general outline and drift of the Apocalypse, with the very confident assignment of its date to the year A. D. 69, — a reckoning and an estimate very similar to what Mr. Maurice has given in his Lectures on the First Two Centuries.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE second volume of Curtius's Greek History\* has a completeness and unity in the ground it covers and its method of treatment, which almost entitle it to be called a history of the Athenian hegemony, beginning as it does with the battle of Marathon, where the Athenians first proved their fitness to rule, and ending with the overthrow of their power at Ægospotami. No period of equal length has stamped itself more ineffaceably than this upon the history of the world, or has won more love and gratitude from the heart of humanity; and nowhere,

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\* Griechische Geschichte von ERNST CURTIUS. Zweiter Band. Bis zum Ende des Peloponnesischen Krieges. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1861. 12mo. pp. 704.



perhaps,—at least in the same space,—is this brilliant epoch more worthily treated than in the volume before us. Professor Curtius has indeed a rare combination of qualifications as an historian. We should hardly expect that the most thorough scholarship of the *German* type should have allied with it a minute knowledge of the localities gained by four years' residence and travel in Greece, an elegant, picturesque, and easy style as a writer, a hearty enthusiasm for the subject, and a delicate appreciation of the art and literature that gave it its peculiar greatness, full sympathy with the Athenian democracy in its prime, with a just discrimination as to the faults and merits of its leaders. He is less eulogistic than Grote, who seems to us sometimes to praise the Athenians more than they deserve; and yet not even Grote has defended the statesmanship of Pericles more zealously than Curtius. Where Grote excels all his rivals—in his analysis of political movements—we can hardly expect the citizen of a country which has no political life to succeed. We do not find, however, that the political movements of the fifth century are less effectively handled here than in Grote. A surer test of power will be applied when our author arrives at the stormy career of Demosthenes, and the intrigues of that sad period which Grote has discussed in so masterly a way.

Perhaps the finest passages in this volume are the personal descriptions, among which we would especially notice those of Cimon and Alcibiades. The account of the intercourse between Socrates and Alcibiades is uncommonly fine. Curtius does not, like Grote, represent Alcibiades as drawn to this strange and searching teacher as Critias was, merely from a selfish desire to catch his peculiar knack at entrapping an opponent, for the purpose of using it himself in political life; but, like Niebuhr, he recognizes noble traits in this wayward and *dæmonic* being, which drew Socrates to him with the purpose of rescuing him from the dominion of his lower nature, and making of him a second Pericles.

“Where the great Pericles failed, another succeeded,—an insignificant man, who used at that time to wander through the streets of Athens, barefooted and meanly clad, an artisan by trade, who had left his workshop because an inner voice drove him to go about through the multitude, to hold conversation with men of all conditions, to learn from them, or to excite in them, questionings which became the germ of earnest self-inquiry and moral growth. This was Socrates, son of the sculptor Sophroniscus, who was forty years old at the time of the death of Pericles. Among the varied population, in which, after the fearful trials through pestilence and war, immorality, frivolity, and a conceited shallowness were making ever more rapid progress, he sought unweariedly for men to whom to offer his services; his eye then fell upon the son of Clinias, who was at that time about nineteen years old, and the thought seized him that it might be given him to rescue the richly endowed youth from the intoxications of sensuality, and redeem his better self; he felt that he could do Athens no better service.

“When Socrates first approached Alcibiades, the latter supposed, like most Athenians, that he had to do only with a sophist of an un-

usual nature, and he was tempted to measure himself with him in ingenious repartee and ready dialectic, in which he flattered himself that he was inferior to no Athenian. The extraordinary nature of the man excited his curiosity; the disinterestedness with which he bestowed time and patience upon others was marvellous to him. But soon a wholly different interest was awaked in him. . . . . The eyes of Alcibiades were then first opened to the worthlessness of his life, a spiritual world lay before him, of which he had never dreamed, a virtue and moral greatness at sight of which he was struck dumb. . . . . With hot tears he confessed that a life which did not please Socrates was not a life worthy of the name. And this was not a mere transient impression, but he attached himself with thankful heart to Socrates as a fatherly friend, shared his meals with him, visited with him the wrestling-schools, was his tent-mate in the field, and as he himself owed Socrates his life in the battles at Potidæa, so in return he rescued him at peril of his own life in the unfortunate fight at Delion. . . . . Thus, so far as the susceptibility of Alcibiades is concerned, Socrates did not come too late; for he found in him a youthful soul still capable of the purest inspiration, which had centrifugal power enough to raise itself out of the defilements of sensuality. But to bring about a real conversion, an enduring and thorough change of thought, this was out of the power of even Socrates. The virtue of the ancients needed an early habituation (*Gewöhnung*), and in this respect Alcibiades had found his fatherly friend too late. He could be enthusiastic for Socratic virtue; but to remain true to its principles, to deny himself everything that was his pride, and become another man, was out of his power; he wavered to and fro between two objects of life, which were irreconcilable, and at last was hurried away by ambition where splendor and power beckoned him."

A full account of Socrates, however, we do not find,—the philosophers are less fully treated than the other classes,—it is probably reserved for the next volume. In the much-disputed question as to the unjust sentence passed upon the generals after the battle of Arginusæ, Curtius's judgment is more severe than Grote's,—it seems to us with less justice. Granting that Theramenes was actuated by spite and restless ambition, no such charges have ever been made against his colleague, Thrasybulus, a point that has not always been enough considered. The next volume will conclude the work.

WE are glad to see an American edition of May's "Constitutional History of England," issued in a style of much typographical excellence, and sold at a price which places it within the means of every one interested in historical studies.\* The first volume, which is all that has yet appeared, was published in England about a year ago, and has already been somewhat extensively read in this country, in the English

\* The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III. 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C. B. In 2 volumes. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. Vol. I.

edition, and has been everywhere received with well-deserved favor. It forms, indeed, a necessary complement to Mr. Hallam's labors; and is not less remarkable for candor and impartiality than are the works of that distinguished writer. Mr. May has not, we believe, quoted any unpublished manuscripts, nor brought to light any new facts; but his work throughout shows an intimate acquaintance with all the recent publications on the period to which it relates. His style is luminous and animated; and in general his treatment of his subject is such as to render him a trustworthy guide as to the constitutional bearings of the great political questions discussed in England during the last century. His materials have been drawn from the most trustworthy sources, and in his selection and arrangement of them he has shown a sound judgment as to their relative importance, and great skill in grouping them so as to throw a strong light on the questions which he discusses. The portion of his work now published comprises seven chapters. Of these the first two are devoted to the "Influence of the Crown," as traced in the reigns of George III. and his successors, down to the present time, showing what are its sources, and how far it has been affected by the party conflicts of the last hundred years, with especial reference to the persistent efforts of George III. to break down that system of government by party which Burke so vigorously defended in his early political writings. The third chapter, on the "Prerogatives of the Crown during the Minority or Incapacity of the Sovereign," is mainly devoted to an examination of the questions which were so angrily discussed in the debates occasioned by the mental incapacity of George III., but also includes notices of the acts passed with reference to the minority of the present sovereign, and on other occasions within the last fifty years. The fourth chapter presents a very luminous and interesting account of the "Revenues of the Crown; the Civil List, Pensions, and Prerogatives of the Crown in relation to the Royal Family." In the fifth chapter, which treats of "The House of Lords and the Peerage," Mr. May presents a very satisfactory statement of the much debated question relative to life peerages, together with remarks on many other topics which have been recently discussed in Parliament. The next chapter is on "The House of Commons," and is perhaps the most important, as well as the most elaborate, in the volume. It describes in detail the various anomalies which existed in the representative system before the passage of the Reform Bill, and narrates the various attempts at Parliamentary Reform, with a discussion of the principles embodied in the act of 1832, and an examination of the effects produced by its passage. The last chapter deals with the "Relations of Parliament to the Crown, the Law, and the People," and includes among other important subjects an account of the memorable proceedings against Wilkes, the famous case of *Stockdale vs. Hansard*, and the rejection of the Paper Duties Bill in 1860. From this brief summary of the contents of his first volume it will be seen how admirably Mr. May has covered the ground to be examined in such a work; and if he is equally successful in treating the remaining topics, his History must be placed in the first rank of similar productions. We know no work of the kind which is superior to it.



## POLITICS AND REFORM.

AMONG the most remarkable, fascinating, and timely books of the past year, we should place the elaborate work of M. Augustin Cochin on the "Abolition of Slavery."\* It is at once cautious and eloquent, candid and enthusiastic, as sagacious as De Tocqueville's work on America, and as ardent as Victor Hugo's Legend of the Ages. It is scientific in its arrangement, accurate in its display of facts, logical in its reasoning, and clear in its conclusions. M. Cochin makes no secret of the fact that he wishes to reach the result that he does reach; yet the book shows no unfair suppression of facts which tell against his theory. He hates slavery, as a Christian, as a philanthropist, as a philosopher, and as an economist; and sets out with the belief that it is contrary to the will of God, as it is to the rights and interests of men. Yet we have never read a book on the subject from which all trace of passion is more carefully eliminated, and in which vituperation is more utterly wanting. M. Cochin calls no harsh names, and in exposing the iniquities of the system itself, and its weakness, does not think proper to denounce all who uphold it as fools, thieves, and murderers. He says very little about the men, whether holders of slaves or defenders of slavery.

An Introduction of thirty-seven pages gives a brief summary of the history of the efforts to abolish slavery and the slave-trade. The main body of the work is divided into three parts. The first part treats of the history of slavery and the results of abolition in those countries which have completely abolished it; namely, in the colonies of France, of England, of Denmark, and of Sweden. Two thirds of the first volume are given to a most minute and methodical inquiry into the effects of the abolition policy of 1848, in the French colonies, as seen in the laws, the military force, the administration of justice, — its effects upon property, salaries, commerce, production (particularly of sugar), population, the family, the social state, education, and religion. The conclusion from this survey is, that the gains of emancipation far outweigh its losses; that its moral results are good; that in the island of Réunion its economical results have surpassed expectation; and that in all the colonies affairs are in a more healthy condition, and the prospects are brighter than before the decree of the Provisional Government. Scarcely any one now would wish to have the old order of things restored.

The same method is pursued in the one hundred and eight pages given to the discussion of emancipation in the British colonies. M. Cochin is not ready to allow that the ruin of Jamaica has come from the changed relation of master and slave, but shows, on the contrary, that causes before existing made it inevitable, and that it had begun before slavery was abolished. Jamaica, in his view, is better off to-day than it was thirty years ago.

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\* *L'Abolition de l'Esclavage.* Par AUGUSTIN COCHIN, Ancien Maire et Conseiller Municipal de la Ville de Paris. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre. 1861. 2 tomes. 8vo. pp. 523, 533.

The second part of the work, including most of the second volume, is devoted to the states and countries in which slavery still continues to exist, and discusses the probabilities of emancipation in these countries, and the results to be predicted. First in this class, of course, comes the North American Republic. The author considers, in due order, the influence of slavery on politics and legislation; the relations and comparative strength of the North and South; the argument of the slaveholders for perpetuating the institution, which argument is answered with keenness and force; the legal means of abolishing slavery; the best way of doing the work, and the consequences if slavery be destroyed, and if it be retained; the present situation, and the war between North and South, which M. Cochin seems to regard as a dissolution of the Union, — a conclusion to which all intelligent foreign writers seem to have come, and which (they hold) nothing short of a miracle can change. With the exception of this unpalatable conclusion, the whole treatment of the question of slavery in America, and its influence, seems to us both true and masterly. The sources of information are the most trustworthy, and there are no important mistakes. The writer has the utmost sympathy for the North, even while he seems to see the hopelessness of the attempt to restore the old Union.

The steps which Spain and Portugal have taken in the direction of emancipation are pointed out hopefully; and of Brazil, while the evidences of prosperity, and its enlightened policy in other matters, are duly allowed, its persistent slaveholding is shown to be its greatest hindrance. A chapter is given on the Slave-Trade, on Colonization in Africa, and on the Christianizing of its interior tribes, from which this writer expects a powerful influence against the traffic. In the discussion of "Christianity and Slavery," which follows, we have a sketch of slavery in the ancient Pagan nations, in the Jewish state, and as it existed at the advent of Christ. The passages from the New Testament supposed to deal with this subject are examined, and it is shown that not one letter of Gospels or Epistles justifies any such custom as that of modern negro slavery. It is especially gratifying to see a correct interpretation of the Epistle to Philemon. The Catholic Church is shown, not as the friend, but the foe of slavery; and here, perhaps, there may be a few words of special pleading. The theory of slavery is then considered, and finally, the inquiry is made and answered, why Christianity has been so slow in destroying this vast wrong.

In this outline, we have given an inadequate notice of a work which for nobleness of spirit, sympathy with all that is high and generous, and comprehension of the great problem of our day, has not, in our judgment, been surpassed by any treatise on the subject.

As another illustration of French opinion, we cite the pamphlet whose title appears below.\* We are not informed that M. Milliroux writes by

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\* *Confédération Américaine. Revue de son Passé, Conjectures, Suggestions.* Par J. F. MILLIROUX. Paris: Dentu. 1861. 8vo. pp. 48.

any "high inspiration," or that his prophecy is the echo of the Imperial voice. But if he expresses, as there is reason to fear, a prevalent sentiment of the French people upon our affairs, the North has little to hope from the sympathy of France. M. Milliroux, however, is no friend to the South, and professes an exemplary horror at their slavery and their barbarism. He hates both sides with a genuine hatred, and evidently hopes that the two parties may come to mutual grief, and annihilate each other. The history of the United States seems to him thus far a record of treachery, selfishness, rapacity, and arrogance. Parties, public men, capitalists, and the people are all corrupt. He gives a doleful catalogue of the national iniquities; says that all classes of the American people despise authority, that the punishment of crime is the exception instead of the rule, that justice is venal, that the press and the platform corrupt the public morals and pander to popular vices, that the judiciary palliates and encourages crime, that men are reckless in pursuit of wealth, and that there is no respect for the marriage bond. How could any permanent peace or union hold in such a nation? How could a nation so lacking in all honor, and so tolerant to "rowdyism," maintain its position?

Like the English writers, M. Milliroux looks upon dissolution of the American Union as a "fact accomplished," and only can hope that from the ruins of this catastrophe liberty may come to the slave, and a new commonwealth may arise of nobler spirit and with a better foundation. He sees no hope, except in unconditional emancipation, and he sees no sign of this in the restoration of the present Constitution and Union. His parting words are: "Moreover, the world is *bored* and vexed by the spectacle of this odious management against nature practised on so large a scale, and with such cynical impudence, by a people which has the audacity to set itself up as a model to other nations. It is a duty to follow up such a people with reproach and advice; it may for a long time scorn the one and reject the other, but its sad privilege will not for this end by its evasion. This great iniquity, the fruit of ages of rapacity and ignorance, will be set right in America, as it has been almost everywhere else."

It seems quite superfluous to praise any of Mr. Olmsted's books upon the political economics of slavery. Their value to the publicist and attraction for the general reader were long ago recognized, and they need no laudation for their instructive matter or admirable manner. Yet praise must be the word if anything is said by way of notice. Their author has taught us to look for faithfulness from him and honest painstaking. And we find it equally in what he does as Superintendent of the Central Park in New York, as executive head in Washington of the Sanitary Commission, and as the writer of the best books, on the whole, which America has furnished on the subject of the great American trouble, danger, and disgrace. He is too wise an economist to let mere and slovenly job-work have a place in any of his doings. Therefore his bridges and plantations, his arrangements for the health of our armies, and his writings against the enemy whose insane pride



and insolence have called those armies to crush it, are all models of fitness to their use. The last are models too of candor and good judgment, and of that excellent style which comes by simplicity. Above all, they are patterns of that calm manner which always brings with it the sense of a weighty reserve of strong feeling and good ability. This cool and unimpassioned, often humorous manner, does not hide, but rather sets off, the writer's conviction of the wrong, and fatal argument of the blunder of slavery. The grasp of the iron hand is all the plainer, and seems to clench the harder, for the velvet glove. These simple narrations of journeys, and plain comments on the things seen, move the calmer mind as deeply, and perhaps more wisely, than the rhetoric of the orators of Anti-Slavery, or the stories of its novelists.

The two volumes of "The Cotton Kingdom"\* are compiled from the author's former books; namely, *The Seaboard and the Border Slave States*, and *The Journey in Texas*. The old, striking facts, so damaging to the political, economic, and social pretensions of slavery, are here brought together, with the grave comment and stern emphasis which the troubles of the time may give them. One point is brought frankly forward in the Preface, touching the "subjugation" of the South. This is one of those words of fear, of which there are many in current talk and writing, which fearful folk and unfriendly critics use to scare the good cause out of asserting itself. And if a good cause could be frightened into inaction, and into all the shame which comes by a *laissez-faire* morality, then our national cause would long ago have been abandoned upon these alarms about the "subjugation" of the South, the "fratricidal war," the "unholy conflict," "unconstitutionality," "illegality," and the like, — vile phrases all of them, by which weak timidity, or dense ignorance, or misrepresenting prejudice, asserts itself against the safety and honor of the State. Mr. Olmsted takes one of these bulls by the horns and brings him down thus: "It is said that the South can never be subjugated. It must be, or we must. It must be, or not only our American republic is a failure, but our English justice and our English law and our English freedom are failures. . . . Subjugation! I do not choose the word, but take it, and use it in the only sense in which it can be applicable. This is a republic, and the South must come under the yoke of freedom, not to work for us, but to work with us, on equal terms, as a free people."

The one chapter which we are glad to see republished, and to read again for the clearness of its statement and cogency of its comments, is the eighth in the second volume, — on "The Condition and Character of the Privileged Classes of the South," — where, while candidly recognizing the mistakes made in the Free States in managing social reforms, the author shows what the wretched average condition, on the score of domestic comfort, social refinement, and moral and intellectual

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\* *The Cotton Kingdom*. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York: Mason Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 2 vols.

culture, is in the Slave States, whose prime social evil and economic blunder is let alone to perfect its bad work. Nothing could better than this chapter pierce that windy assertion, and make its emptiness ridiculous, that slavery nurtures a higher tone of character and better style of breeding and nobler living than where free labor is in use and honor. One and another, however, will choose one and another part of this book as best hinging with his thoughts and conclusions, or as informing him in those matters which he is most glad to know. May its instructions find apt scholars here and across the water. It is so well written that it will not lack interested and pleased readers. That proud old phrase of honor, — noblest of all words of praise in the history of merited reward, so high-sounding whether in the Latin or in English speech, “to deserve well of the Republic,” — *de republica bene mereri*, — begins to be felt in its eloquent significance among us. Something of the honor which it means belongs, surely, to writers like Mr. Olmsted, who have shown how ill slavery deserves of the Republic.

UNDER an appropriate and attractive title,\* the American Anti-Slavery Society publishes a report for the year ending May 1, 1860, which is already of much value, and will gain in value as time passes. It is a singularly clever and comprehensive *résumé* of the position of our great national controversy a little prior to its passage into the present fiery phase. Including, as the caption would lead one to expect, a spirited account of the enterprise and death of John Brown and his companions, and of the hypocritical hunt for treason, conducted by traitors, which ensued, it embraces also instructive statements under many other heads, such as Kansas and Nebraska; Foreign Slave-Trade; Domestic Slave-Trade; Fugitive Slaves and Rescue Trials; Projects for New Slave States; Barbarism Rampant; Free Colored People; Congress; Action of States; The Church, &c. The Report must have been written by one who had long lived in the thick of this great controversy, and *grown* into an acquaintance with all its aspects. In character it may be described as standing about half-way between history and the newspaper, possessing in a good degree the accuracy of the one, with the detail, familiarity, and immediate interest of the other. To the future historian it will be invaluable. And any one will find it very interesting reading, who desires to study the existing contest, not as an accident, “a causeless war,” but as a great passage in history, proceeding, as great facts in history always do, from antecedents that admitted of no other result. So far as moral justification is concerned, this is indeed “a causeless war,” if ever one was; but considered as the product of historical forces, it was strictly inevitable. There are fewer accidents in history than one might fancy. Effects proceed from adequate causes. It is true, “tall oaks from little acorns grow,” but oaks grow *only* from acorns. A lighted match will set a city on fire; but why? Because it is *itself* on fire, and so is an adequate cause for such effects.

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\* The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year; being the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society. New York.

Without intending to foreshadow any such result, this able report really does so. Whoever reads it in the light of passing events, will see that the preceding events were strictly preliminary to this. On either side the forces were marshalling. Here the reader will perceive the malignant ferment of slavery swelling against all its containing borders, raging at restriction, certain to burst forth ere long. On the other hand, he will see the love of freedom and justice, long murderously outraged and oppressed, also breaking through outward restraints, and issuing in the heroic failure of John Brown and his brave followers. John Brown was the heart and conscience of the North flung before it in the fight, as the heart of Bruce was cast in advance of him by Douglas, ere he rushed to encounter the infidels. His attempt symbolizes the noble indignation, the hot love of justice, the dauntless courage, which in the bosom of the North lay hidden under respect for usage and aversion to tumult and war.

It is the more desirable that such works as this should be read, because most of us but half appreciate our national position. Have modern times furnished a parallel case? Has any other nation had an evil so gigantic and so firmly imbedded to lift away? Has there been demanded of any other, in order to the achievement of national success, a sympathy so broad, a faith so energetic, a reverence for its own ideas and ideal aims so deep? Would a *little* dimness of eye or feebleness of heart involve elsewhere results so disastrous? When before has it been said to a nation, as this war is thundering in our ears, "You must do ideal justice to a race antipodal to your own, and that in opposition to every conceivable temptation, or you must perish"?

THE able and candid Scotch missionary, Buyers, in his admirable work on India, asserts with great emphasis the identity of the moral sentiment of India with that of England. Hardly anything, he affirms, is recognized as vice or virtue in England, but is equally so recognized in India, and reprobated or commended accordingly. But the calamity is, he says, that the popular religion of Hindostan does not support, or supports very imperfectly, its moral feeling and judgment. It is now a very grave question how far the same complaint would be just against the popular religion of our own land. There are immense establishments, sustained at great cost, for sending missionaries to other countries; but what do these missionaries bear with them? Do they carry a divine ethics, duly enshrined, or is it only another substitute for purity and spirituality? Those who are interested to obtain a true answer to this question,—and surely there are many whom it pointedly concerns,—should read the little book of Mr. Whipple.\* It may make them sadder, but can only do so by rendering them wiser men.

Mr. Whipple's is a book of facts and citations, with comparatively little of comment. With great industry he has traced out the rela-

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\* Relation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to Slavery. By CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Boston: R. W. Wallcut. 1861.



tion of one great missionary Board to one great moral question,—of course finding all moral questions incidentally involved. He writes earnestly, but not uncharitably; with something of the ethical rigor characteristic of men who have extreme energy of conscience and clearness of understanding, but less of imagination, flexibility, and interpretative sympathy, yet with entire fairness; and he is inspired by a noble homage to justice, and a frank, though not exclamatory, indignation against inhumanity and trickery, which must be acceptable to all honest men.

Some of the facts he adduces are not exhilarating; but all the more they ought to be known,—especially as the Board *seem* guilty of disingenuous concealments. And we mistake if he who reads these pages does not obtain some help toward the conclusion, that there is room for one denomination of Christians in America, whose position openly is, that men are to be saved hereafter by being saved from injustice, impurity, and all unmanliness and all ungodliness here.

How much of pure and domestic feeling, of fine and ideal humanity, mingled in the heroism that sent forth our young hosts last summer to the battle of liberty and law, and makes the best inspiration of the conflict raging now, receives another illustration in the little book whose title we give below,\*—an illustration very affecting and beautiful when we connect the spirit of it with its understood authorship, and with the circumstances of its publication. In form, it professes to be the narrative of a wayfarer's sojourn in the Southern country, long enough to win the confidence of a young man of genius and culture, of Northern birth, who has his home there; and so to report the earnest dialogue in which he tells what he has observed, read, thought, and felt respecting the African "races," in their native continent and in ours. So nice a discernment, so large a sympathy, so delicate and skilful a vindication, we hardly remember to have seen. The dialogue occupies, perhaps, half the bulk of the volume. Parts of it are admirable, in their characterizing of the genius of those races, and in the answer they give to contemptuous critics. For satire, or for latent humor, the parallel citations from Homer and the Bible, to illustrate the rustic images of negro eloquence, are capital. In purport, the volume appears to be the herald of other works, in part dramatic,—of which the first, the "Tragedy of Errors," is already published. We can wish no more or better for them, than that they may evince the same thoughtfulness, purity, fineness of scholarship, and large love of humanity, which are made so winning in the person of Edward Colvil.

If the ultimate success of a reform depend upon the ability and fidelity of its advocates, the cause of "Woman's Rights" is on the high road to a triumphant consummation. Mrs. Dall, whose former admirable works—"Woman's Right to Labor" and "A Practical

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\* Record of an Obscure Man. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor" — have received our attention, offers a third book,\* which, touching as it does the root and foundation of the whole matter, might well have been the pioneer in her crusade against "man's inhumanity to" woman. As with her former works, the strength of this is in the abundance and conclusiveness of its facts, which have been collected with indefatigable industry, and are presented in all their native ugliness of outline. No intelligent man can read the copious extracts from the English Common Law and United States Law relating to women, without arriving at one of two conclusions, — either that the men who made the laws have acted the part of tyrants, or that women are essentially inferior to men, and must be subject to the restraints of incompetent minority.

In the majority of statutes relating to property, no argument is needed to convince any fair man of their injustice, beyond a simple statement of the law, and the presentation of a case falling under it.

With regard to the laws debarring women from office, and from voting, Mrs. Dall urges that their advocates entirely fail to make out a case. All the customary objections to their repeal she meets with frankness, and arguments which have at least the merit of being difficult to answer. She claims that the presence of women in the halls of legislation and at the polls would tend to purify those assemblies; that never till women are included on juries will a woman accused of crime be tried by her peers; that the peculiar qualities of the female mind are requisite to complement those of man in all the multiplex affairs of business, political and social life; that men and mankind lose greatly by an arbitrary limitation of woman's "sphere." We cordially commend the book for the importance of its subject-matter, its wealth of material and fact, its straightforward earnestness of purpose, its purity of style, and, not least, for its freedom from some unpleasant idiosyncrasies, pardonable, indeed, but which marked and marred the execution of its predecessors. It has also the rare quality of eliciting from the reader a regret that there is not more of it.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE author of "The Okavango,"\* already and favorably known by a similar work upon Lake Ngami, does not profess to be a man of science, a missionary, a philanthropist, or even a geographer; and yet he has added something to our geographical knowledge, besides furnishing as attractive a book of adventures as any mere sportsman. His professed object was to penetrate from the south in a direction parallel to the western coast up to the River Cunene, and thence to the Portuguese settlements on the Pacific Ocean. His hope was to fill up the vast blank on the map of Southwest Africa, between the Damara

\* *Woman's Rights under the Law.* In three Lectures delivered in Boston, January, 1861. By MRS. C. H. DALL. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 164.

† *The Okavango River.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. With a Map and Illustrations. New York: Harpers.

and Ovamba Lands, and from Shesheke to Loando in Livingstone's journey. The ground which he actually passed over is new to all but the neighboring natives; and, though sickness prostrated him just as he reached the Okavango and was about to unravel the mystery of its source and outlet, yet he has done his full share to make known the vast region from Cape Town to the seventeenth degree of south latitude, in the direction of Lake Ngami. The typography of the book is large and handsome, the illustrations good, the style a little tedious with repetition, and quite funny withal, from the writer's naïve discourses with himself. There is the same lack of dates as in Du Chaillu, and an equal excess of the marvellous, as in his horse's passing seven days without water, and his rifle's taking down two huge elephants with two successive shots. Still, his spirited narrative will be received with favor, while his name will be enrolled among those who have perilled life and sacrificed health to augment by their mite the sum of human knowledge. Among the numerous illustrations is one of over a hundred elephants drinking at the same time of the same stream; and among the curious pictures of his pen, is that of the hordes of gaunt natives crowding to devour the mighty game. The horrible straits of his rude equipage among the rocks and ravines of the mountain-range he crosses, the fearful conflagrations that sweep broad districts, the treacherous timber-trees, hollowed and spoilt by ants, the terrors of famine, drought, tormenting insects, and malignant fevers, add a little to our knowledge and a good deal to our detestation of this dismal country. The glimpse of an eastward-flowing river, two hundred yards wide, stirs our traveller's enthusiasm a little, but seems a sorry compensation for the wilderness of horrors that beset this "great zoölogical garden and hunting-field."

Mr. Andersson's description of the harbors on the Southwest is more complete than any we have seen. His closing chapter on the guano-trade is full of interest. He seems to have been delivered by the gallantry of a distant friend from destruction by the treacherous natives, at a moment when the malignant fever, which killed part of his company, and drove him back from his prize, incapacitated him for any effectual resistance.

IDA PFEIFFER's education was peculiar enough to account for much of her singularity of life, her chronic restlessness, her romantic spirit of adventure, and unfeminine love of hardship. She was brought up as a boy amongst boys, nearly died when they attempted to clothe her in female apparel, avoided the usual occupations of women, and showed her decided will in everything. Her marriage, without any affection, yet with her free consent, to a lawyer much older than herself, exposed her to the necessity of labor, poverty, and suffering. But after her two sons had been settled in the world, she gave way to her propensity to roam. Aided by the free-will offerings of friends, unexpected charities on the way, and the successful sale of her several books of travel, she traversed twenty thousand miles by land, and one hundred and fifty thousand by sea, and was projecting other voyages and explorations,



when her unwise expedition to Madagascar, in the company of conspirators against the existing government, involved her in the hardships of their expulsion, and exposed her to the worst of fevers, in its worst form, from which she never recovered.

The European portion of her "*Last Travels*"\* is tame enough. Her descriptions of Madagascar are more spirited, but exceedingly careless. She allows the island less than a tenth part of its proper number of square miles, assigns less than half the population as it stands in the best Gazetteers, places it four degrees too far to the east, and on the northeast of Africa, gives an exceedingly faulty description of its productions and manufactures, and does not allude to the existence of the foreign slave-trade, though slavery is frequently mentioned. Her picture of the natives, as superstitious, thievish, hypocritical, and voracious, is no doubt true; but it is hard to see how anything else could be expected of such utter slaves, without any religion, subject to every sort of oppression. The Queen Ranavola, a regular Christian-hunter, the enemy of all foreigners and foreign institutions, has been removed by death since Madame Pfeiffer's visit; and her son, who headed this abortive conspiracy against his mother, succeeds to her throne,—a prince of rare humanity, exceedingly liberal opinions and progressive purposes, but hardly resolute enough to preserve his power against the nobles who are plotting his overthrow. The Christian missions, commenced so favorably under the father, will no doubt recover from their utter suppression, under the son, Rakoto as our traveller calls him, Radama II. as he is generally named.

Educated a Roman Catholic, Madame Pfeiffer seems to have discarded all religious ideas and usages. She never speaks of Providence, but of chance, fortune, and the fates. She seems to hate missionaries of all kinds with equal heartiness, and charges upon the English missions a conspiracy to maintain the bloody despotism of the late queen. Sunday is her principal day for sight-seeing; her defence of Parisian abuse of that season forms, perhaps, her only comment on sacred things; the sole impression of the service witnessed for the first time at Notre Dame is disgust at the hiring of chairs during worship; and the only clergyman of whom much is said in the last travels enters upon the scene with a lie. The success of her journeyings is far more remarkable than that of her books. She seemed to us much as she called herself, "a quiet little woman,"—gentle, unobtrusive, and modest; and yet, without any pecuniary resources, or wealthy patrons, and after the romantic period of life was spent, she visited the most interesting countries of the globe, traversing regions before untrodden, encountering perils from which stout men shrank, adding vastly to the scientific knowledge of the world, though without science herself, and has secured thereby not only the commendation of men like Humboldt, and a membership of geographical societies alone of her sex, but has won a permanent place in history as an intrepid, persevering, successful voyager.

\* *The Last Travels of IDA PFEIFFER*; inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar. With an Autobiographical Memoir of the Author. Translated by H. W. DULCKEN. New York: Harpers.

IN a four months' horseback excursion, during the lull in the perpetual revolutions of Mexico in 1856, Mr. Tylor has added materially to our knowledge of the antiquities of that ill-fated land, has furnished instructive drawings of obsidian knives and weapons, and discussed the connection of pure Mexican art with that of Central America. The chief interest of "*Anahuac*"\* is antiquarian, and whatever novelty it possesses lies in the direction of the past, while the closing pages do not hesitate to assert the destiny of the country as that of inevitable absorption in the United States of America. A curious explanation of the fact that the most productive portion of the country is the least occupied, that the banana region indeed is a mere wilderness, is, that the children were raised so entirely upon vegetable food that their constitutions were predisposed to scrofulous diseases; epidemics like the small-pox found them ready as dry wood for the flame, so that whole villages have frequently been depopulated in a few days. But this is to overlook their excessive use of intoxicating drinks, their prevailing want of cleanliness, and the pernicious influence upon health of general immorality. While the country remains at the mercy of military adventurers, — while the highways are unsafe, and the very capital subject to pillage, — it cannot be expected that population should increase, even with the finest climate, the richest soil, and an inexhaustible store of mineral wealth of every kind. It may be hoped that the end of this desolating anarchy is at hand; that some form of permanent government is about to be set up on this most afflicted soil; and that some kind of Mexican Protectorate can be established by the European powers which will save our government from the necessity of undertaking this troublesome charge.

"*PICTURES of Old England*," † a duodecimo volume in twelve chapters, has just appeared in English dress, comprising part of the materials gathered by Reinhold Pauli in the composition of his five-volumed "*Geschichte von England*." The subjects of the entirely independent chapters indicate the character of the book better than the attractive title. They are, Canterbury and the Worship of Becket; Monks and Mendicant Friars; Parliament in the Fourteenth Century; England's Earliest Relations to Austria and Prussia; Emperor Louis Fourth and King Edward Third; Hanseatic Steelyard in London; Gower and Chaucer; Wiclif; King Henry Fifth and Sigismund; Maid of Orleans; Duke Humphrey of Gloucester; London in the Middle Ages. Being limited to the days of the Plantagenets, they are strictly a series of antiquarian essays, and as such are exceedingly interesting, — even that upon the Hanseatic Steelyard being full of instructive matter, new to common readers of history, upon the remarkable dependence of early England upon German commerce and German manufactures. The most agreeable portion for general reading is that which treats of he-

\* *Anahuac*: or, Mexico and the Mexicans, Ancient and Modern. By EDWARD B. TYLOR. London: Longman & Co. 1861.

† *Pictures of Old England*. By DR. REINHOLD PAULI. Translated by E. C. OTTÉ. London and Cambridge: Macmillan.

roic Joan of Arc,—a picture of self-sacrifice which we hope to see in general circulation through the American periodical press, because the vindications of this martyr to patriotism have been so few and so imperfect. The chapter devoted to Wiclif will be the most attractive to theological readers, characterized as it is by impartiality, felicity of expression, and power of narration. Dr. Pauli writes with remarkable clearness, draws from original sources, gives distinct impressions of a remote period, and has been excellently translated, under his own supervision, by E. C. Otté.

#### NOVELS AND TALES.

THE literary merit of "*Cecil Dreeme*,"\* and the fine intellectual and moral quality which is its conspicuous excellence, would secure a good repute and command attention to it, quite apart from the striking facts which now come out concerning the writer's life, and that nobility of his death which begets a sort of regretful affection for a person so high-minded and brave. It needs no showing up in our esteem from the circumstances, at once grievous and glorious, which have heralded it to our notice. But of the many who have read it, there will be few who have not read with a quick personal interest, as one reads an autobiography or a collection of letters, and with an unwonted identification of the writer with his work; few that have not shut the book with tenderness toward him, and regret, and withal a feeling of pride in him, that so costly a sacrifice should be offered so simply and so cheerfully. Our interest in the book and the charm of it have been much enhanced by this identification, by this search and pursuit along its pages of the bright and vigorous mind and thoroughly manly heart of which it is the fruit.

The story is interesting and well carried out; somewhat meagre in incident, and at the end savoring a little of the melodramatic and commonplace. Abduction, private madhouse, and murder with a stray and handy dagger, are the familiar and convenient devices for a catastrophe, which excite no feeling more ardent, perhaps, than the warm welcome to old and tried friends. The book will attract by its dramatic movement, and they who read it for that alone will find it to their account of pleasure and excitement. Its originality and freshness are not marked, however, in its succession of events, and not in the action and fate of its personages, but in the drawing and fashioning of them. The style of the people in it is the part of the work which shows special knowledge and skill, and displays the peculiar ability of the writer. It is in the character of the characters that his quality and power are indicated, more than in their action and their final disposal at the closing up of the story. He belongs in that class of novelists who love to deal with the secrets of thought and feeling, and to unveil, for delight or horror, hidden places lying at the springs of moral good and evil in the nature. While they tell the story which runs by the passage of events, they

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\* *Cecil Dreeme*. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.



make the deeper drama move before us, which proceeds by the orderly march of high and composed thoughts, or by the agony of struggling passions. Mr. Hawthorne stands, perhaps, at the head of this class, and "Cecil Dreeme" has more than once reminded us of the peculiar power and weird effect of his stories. Their interest, after all, notwithstanding the effective external drama, with its impressive situations and stirring events, lies in the play within the play, in the movement, to the bitter or blissful end, of moral fatalities, unholy or holy passions in the blood and temper. If their realistic and artistic power were any less, they would be phantasmal, setting cloudy images before our eyes and making us hear only hollow voices. As it is, we get from them ever the sense of something unsubstantial, so surely does the spiritualism or the diabolism carry it over the incidental, physical, and eventful. A taste of this quality we find in this book of Winthrop's, and for the earnest it gives of moral and intellectual power, and of literary effectiveness, we look with some eagerness to those novels which we understand are to follow the favorable reception given to this.

MR. READE has written an excellent novel,\* of interest enough to suit all readers, and not without profit to those who think while they read. Such is his vivacity of style, and literary effectiveness, and skilled use of all the arts of his craft, that he is always sure of his readers, and always sure to hold and please them. But since "Peg Woffington" none of his novels have, to our mind, pleased with better reason than this last. He calls it a "Matter-of-fact romance," but he might reasonably claim for it the more dignified name of "historical novel." It belongs to that class by better title than many do which assume to be historical, because of the introduction of a few lay-figures from mediæval history, and by the glib use of "by my halidome," and "i' faith, sirs," to show how they talked in the old time, of "fortalice" and "donjon keep," "venison pasty" and "flagon of Rhenish," to tell how they lived then, and of "jerkin," "basnet," "scapulary," to teach us how they dressed. The novel is not made historical by these cheap devices and external make-shifts, but, as "The Cloister and the Hearth" does, by putting us into real relation with the past time in its thought, its ideas, its social movements, and its domestic character.

We commend the opening and the close. One augurs well of such a beginning, and at such an ending shuts the book, glad to find the pleasing excitement of a story accompanied with high thoughts, and fitly finishing with profitable meditation. The book begins with this:—

"There is a musty chronicle written in tolerable Latin, and in it a chapter where every sentence holds a fact. Here is told, with harsh brevity, the story of a pair who lived untrumpeted, and died unsung, four hundred years ago, and lie now as unpitied in that stern page as fossils in a rock. Thus, living or dead, Fate is still unjust to them. For if I can but show you what lies below that dry chronicler's words, methinks you will correct the indifference of centuries, and give those two sore tried souls a place in your heart—for a day."

\* The Cloister and the Hearth; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. New York: Rudd and Carleton.

And it ends with this : —

"The yellow-haired laddie, Gerard Gerardson, belongs not to Fiction, but to History. She has recorded his birth in other terms than mine. Over the tailor's house in the Brede Kirk Street she has inscribed, '*Hæc est parva domus natus qua Magnus Erasmus*'; and she has written half a dozen lines of him. But there is something left for her yet to do. She has no more comprehended Magnum Erasmum than any other pygmy comprehends a giant, or partisan a judge. First scholar and divine of his epoch, he was also the heaven-born dramatist of his century. Some of the best scenes in this new book are from his mediæval pen, and illumine the pages where they come, for the words of a genius so high as his are not born to die; their immediate work upon mankind fulfilled, they may seem to lie torpid; but, at each fresh shower of intelligence Time pours upon their students, they prove their immortal race; they revive, they spring from the dust of great libraries; they bud, they flower, they fruit, they seed, from generation to generation, and from age to age."

"JEPHTHAH'S Daughters"\* is the somewhat fanciful title which M. Achard has chosen for his latest issue of studies in human character. The three tales of this volume have for their heroines self-sacrificing virgins, who are ready, in obeying duty and parental will, to give up their own affections, and devote themselves to a life of wretchedness. The stories are told with all that grace of style and fineness of delineation in which Achard has few superiors among living French novelists. Bertha, in the first tale, whose familiar name is "L'Eau qui Dort," is a singular union of impulsive and capricious will with deep feeling and lofty disinterestedness. To gratify the imagined wish of her indulgent father, she conceals her own passion, drives away her lover, marries an uncongenial husband, and suffers the additional pain of seeing the misery of her lover married to a foolish and unworthy wife. Salomé, in the second tale, is the daughter of an old Huguenot, of the strictest sort, a woodman in the Black Forest. She loves a young Catholic gentleman, every way worthy of her, but will not marry him on account of her father's antipathy to the Catholic faith, and his vow never to live on the soil with a son-in-law of that hated Church. The parties are wedded at last, when the lives of both his children, saved by Catholic help, have softened the stern Calvinist into consent, but only then by his emigration to America, that his vow may not be broken. Martha, in the third tale, called familiarly "Miss Tempête," gives up her affection for the sake of her gentle and sensitive elder sister, who would die if her love should be disappointed. The chance, very common in real life as well as in romances, of two sisters in love with the same man, is here very skilfully used. All the stories, in fact, are good, and free from any of the immoral situations and allusions which we expect in French novels. The characters stand out in relief, and are few enough for picturesque effect, while they are numerous enough for the impression of real life. The only instance of carelessness which we have noticed in the book is the statement that

\* Les Filles de Jephté. Par AMÉDÉE ACHARD. Paris: Hachette. 1861. 12mo. pp. 361.

Rodolph, the hero of the second story, had in his wanderings gone to Baalbec to study "Inscriptions." It is architecture which one studies in that ruined city, but not "Inscriptions." The volume, as a whole, we can heartily commend, as interesting and excellent in its tone.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A NATION that on a sudden emergency raises its military force in six months from some ten thousand to more than half a million, and its naval force from twenty-five guns to more than a hundred times that number, may be on the way to be a great military power; but it is likely to be embarrassed for a while by the very numbers it has equipped, and a good deal at the mercy of many who know very little of the science and art of war. For a while, during the past season, the conspicuous books on shop-counters, or placarded at booksellers' doors, were almost all military; and thousands of unskilled but intelligent volunteers were put on the royal road to that branch of learning. We trust it is an omen for good, that at the head of the force so hastily mustered is a man who has shown himself as keen-eyed an observer and critic in military things as he has been diligent in study, faithful in business, and brave in the field. Except for mere garrison and frontier service, our military force was all to create; and an organism so fearful and wonderful as a modern army should be trusted in the making to no every-day hand. The circumstances under which General McClellan's Report on "The Armies of Europe"\* was made to our government are known to everybody; and we have only to notice the great fulness of information, clear brevity of statement, abundant illustration, and the handsome, compact, convenient style of getting-up, as we read it in the edition recently published by authority, by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE late librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the literary seclusion caused by permanent illness, contributed to Fraser's Magazine and the Spectator a series of critical papers, part of which have been collected into a handsome volume,† and issued with marked favor in England and America. Mr. Brimley had evidently a high idea of the office of a critic, spared no pains to qualify himself for the work, writes excellent English, and speaks on all topics with perfect independence, and yet with exceeding kindness. Readers will differ as to the severe judgments he sometimes passes upon popular writers, but they cannot differ as to the breadth of thought, purity of purpose, vigor of expression, and freshness of feeling which have entitled these remark-

\* The Armies of Europe; comprising Descriptions in Detail of the Military Systems of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia, adapting their Advantages to all Arms of the United States Service; and embodying the Report of Observations in Europe during the Crimean War, as Military Commissioner from the United States Government, in 1855 - 56. By GEO. B. McCLELLAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 499. Illustrated.

† Essays. By GEORGE BRIMLEY, Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 12mo. pp. 409.



able articles to this more permanent dress. The papers here collected are entitled Tennyson's Poems, Wordsworth's Poems, Poetry and Criticism, The Angel in the House, Carlyle's Sterling, Esmond, My Novel, Bleak House, Westward Ho, Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ, and Comte's Positive Philosophy. Any one of these essays is so superior in taste, insight, originality, and artistic finish to those review articles which generally disappoint all one's expectations, as to leave an intense feeling of regret that the genial and gifted writer should have been removed from his valuable labors just as his powers were reaching their maturity. His decease took place in May, 1857.

EMANUEL GEIBEL,\* if not one of the greatest, is confessedly one of the most popular, of living German poets. His *Gedichte* have already run through forty-two, and we believe more, editions. In his own land, his name has become as a household word. In this country and in England he is little, if at all generally, known. Yet there is the true poetic fire in him, — something to warm and stimulate us, — something to make us think better of ourselves, — a fervor and a grace to fascinate us, a religious thoughtfulness to deepen us. It is not our purpose now to criticise him, — only, in a certain fulness of conviction as to his worth, to say our word about him to those among us who will overstep the boundaries of speech, to welcome through other tongues the new hope and the fresh thought; — yet not for pleasure only, or at all, except as that waits ever upon the higher culture and the clearer vision.

Touching his life and work we gather the following facts. He was born at Lübeck, on the 18th of October, 1815; first taught at the gymnasium of his native city, he went in 1835 to Bonn to study philology and theology; but soon confining himself to philological and æsthetical studies, he went to Berlin in 1836, where he found a genial welcome to the cultivated society of Chamisso and Gaudy and Kugler. At the recommendation of Savigny, he obtained in 1838 an appointment as tutor in the family of Prince Katakazi, the Russian Ambassador at Athens. The leisure which this situation afforded he employed in learned investigations and in poetical studies, and also in a tour of the greater part of the Archipelago in company with his celebrated countryman, Ernst Curtius, whose works on Greece have thrown new light on some of the obscurest points of its early history.

Returning to Lübeck, in 1840 he made his first appearance as a writer, in a work, undertaken in conjunction with Curtius, entitled "Classical Studies," containing translations from the Greek poets; and shortly after, in 1840, also appeared his first printed poems, which were so favorably received, that on New Year's day, in 1843, the king of Prussia bestowed upon him a yearly pension of three hundred thalers (about \$ 225). Thus helped out of want, he devotes himself to literature. Turning to the study of that of Italy and Spain, he published in 1843 his "Spanish Popular Songs and Romances," — completed in

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\* *Gedichte von EMANUEL GEIBEL. Zweiundvierzigste Auflage. Berlin: Verlag von Alexander Duncker, Königl. Hofbuchhändler. 1857.*

1852 by his "Spanish Song-Book." In these years he lived in various places in Germany; — with Freiligrath at St. Goar on the Rhine, at Stuttgart, Hanover, in Silesia, at Berlin and Lübeck, — till in 1852 he was made a Professor of *Æsthetics* in the University at Munich. In 1846 he published a little epic entitled "King Sigurd's Bridal Journey." In 1848 appeared his "Juniuslieden," which reached its eleventh edition in 1857. In 1844 he attempted a drama, called "King Roderick," and has since busied himself with greater dramatic compositions, an example of which, called "Siegfried's Death," was published in 1851. His masterly "Twelve Sonnets" are among his best achievements. In 1856 appeared his "Neue Gedichte." These are the external facts.

The *Gedichte*, of which alone we speak, are divided into four books; the first, "Lübeck and Bonn, 1834–35"; the second, "Berlin, 1836–37"; the third, "Athens, 1838–40"; the fourth "Escheberg, St. Goar, 1842–43," with sundry *Intermezzos*. The division is of use if one seeks to follow the development of the poet's mind under the influence of the changing years and varying scenery; but we lay no stress upon it. Geibel is not of the highest order of poets. The master mind which shall mould a nation's literature, and give a stimulus to men over all the earth for centuries, appears only now and then. The age wants its poets, as it wants its journalists, to reflect its thought, its hope, its striving, — to utter, as it were, its prayer, to record its vow. They are born of the age, and die with it. How many of the writers and thinkers, statesmen and orators, men of letters and men of science, are more than that? Out of this ocean of surging humanity there rises now and then the great beacon-light, God-given, to show us where we are; but there rises, too, the humbler brother, to sing away the anxious hours. Geibel is remarkable rather for harmony of words than depth of thought. The flow of his verse is full of melody. The sound alone might content one. Yet there is an earnest feeling in it, and a truth of nature, and a fancy so simple and beautiful always, that one does not wonder it has captivated the heart of the people. There is a repose in him which reminds you of Uhland, — that gracious name, which to pronounce is to recite a poem, — and there is a certain gentleness and liveliness, a sweet earnestness, which has long made him a favorite with women. There is a moral purity, also, which is as a fresh flower in the desert of European materialism. The sorrow and the pain of life are sorrow and pain still with him, — he will not disguise them, nor seek to make the explanation of them into an apothegm. He utters for us our grief, and the confession relieves us of a burden; —

"Denn nur von innen kommt der Segen."

He speaks our joy, and our hearts are glad in his words. He is rather our confessor than our teacher. Instruction you may find everywhere, but sympathy is a rare wild-flower on the alpine heights of life. It is not an easy thing to determine how much of a poet's wisdom is the result of his own experience, or of that wider vision which takes in all human experience, which is the attribute of genius. The women said

of Dante, when they saw him go by in the streets of Florence: "See, there is Dante, who has been in hell." Like that divinest of poets, Geibel sounds no awful depths of consciousness; rather moving smoothly over the surfaces of life, he breathes into our ear his cheerful, often stirring, lyric words: "The heart has its Easter, too, . . . . and what thou lovest forever is thine forever."

MR. WHITE has made a very agreeable book, as might have been expected, out of the Report of the Committee appointed last spring to decide on the prize for a "National Hymn."\* The prize, naturally enough, elicited nothing that is likely to stamp itself on the memory and fancy of the people. Instead of any of these ambitious or crude attempts, a simple Methodist melody, with almost no words at all, and called "John Brown's Body," or, rather profanely, the "Hallelujah Chorus," has grown to be the hymn of this campaign, and stirs the soul of our loyal battalions as "Ça ira" and the "Marseillaise" stirred the blood of Revolutionary France. Many of the specimens which Mr. White drolly gives as *bona fide* competitors for the prize, are evidently dull attempts to hoax the Committee; and the evident anticipation of the prize by the authors of them was no doubt a well-meant, but excessively stupid joke. Oddly enough, the public seems to have taken them as genuine efforts. One excellent, solid anthem is given, that by Mr. Hopkins; and one noble, patriotic hymn, that by Mr. Willis, only too rich in fancy and delicate in melody for the rough uses of such a composition. These are all the real additions we have found to our stock of national melodies. The dissertation on popular songs, and on the lack of such in the English race, is very interesting and curious. So, too, the history of the two great national hymns *par excellence*, that of loyalist England and republican France. "God save the King" is pretty clearly shown to have been a Jacobite song, and the authentic sovereign prayed for to have been "James," not "George." The argument from the line, "Send him victorious," and the quaint distich,

"Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,"

is worth reading as an ingenious comment, worthy of the excellent annotator of Shakespeare. The keen but good-humored references to English taste and temper give a piquancy to parts of this essay, which we should hardly have expected from their subject.

ABOUT a year and a half ago, our attention was attracted to the very remarkable and interesting experiences detailed in the little volume whose title we give below.† The "missing link" in the efforts hitherto to Christianize the poor of large cities has been the Christian ministration and sympathies of *their own class*. We know nothing in

\* National Hymns: How they are written and how they are not written. A Lyric and National Study for the Times. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 8vo. pp. 152.

† The Missing Link; or, Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor. By L. N. R. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 302.



the annals of missionary work, hardly anything in the records of religious experience, more striking and beautiful than the devotion, the skill, the courage, and success of some of these Bible women, chosen from among the poorest of the poor. The descriptions of the worst haunts of London poverty are well drawn, and may stand fairly by the side of Mayhew's. They are introduced, however, merely to show the field of this charity. The argument urged throughout is, that the true way has been found in it, — to bring in self-respect, thrift, comfort, independence, among the most haggard and hopeless of these children of God. The Bible opens the way to all the other forms of charity and improvement. It is *never given*, either gratuitously or on trust, but sold, in its cheapest or fairest form, to persons who are persuaded to save a penny a week — generally from the cost of tobacco and gin — till it is paid for. Here is the first lesson of thrift and morals. In the same way, other religious books, and, by degrees, various home comforts — as beds and clothing, of which they stand frightfully in need — are purchased out of the savings of the poor, and a new light dawns on their wretched estate. Of examples of humble, sincere, toilsome, self-denying piety, we do not know where we can find more or better than in this modest volume.

THE volume of selections from Dr. Brown's "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" \* forms one of the most delightful collections of miscellaneous essays and sketches which have recently fallen under our notice. It opens with the well-known and much-admired tale entitled "*Rab and his Friends*," than which there is scarcely a more touching and beautiful narrative in our language; and this is followed by seventeen other papers, all of them of great and various merit, and some of them of unsurpassed pathos and tenderness. Among those which will be read with most interest are the admirable letter to the Rev. Dr. Cairns on his *Memoir of Dr. Brown's father*, the article on Arthur Hallam, and the sketch of Dr. Chalmers. Beside these, there are notices of Vaughan's Poems, and of Dr. George Wilson, the celebrated chemist, and several little sketches, of which it is not too much to say that they are only inferior to "*Rab and his Friends*." One article — not by Dr. Brown, but contributed by his kinsman John Taylor Brown — deserves especial notice. It is an exegetical paper on Galatians iv. 15, and is designed to show that Paul's "*thorn in the flesh*" was some disease of the eyes, the effect of the supernatural blindness that came on him in the way to Damascus. This supposition is not a new one, but we do not remember to have seen it anywhere else so strongly and powerfully urged; and we commend it to our clerical brethren as an ingenious, and we think satisfactory, argument in support of this hypothesis. The whole volume, however, will be read with pleasure and profit, and we doubt not that it will soon take its place among the small number of books which every reader cherishes as special favorites. A writer so genial and healthful in every page is a general benefactor, and will surely win his way to many firesides.

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\* *Spare Hours*. By JOHN BROWN, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE new edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" \* is by far the most elegant book which has been published in this country during the past year, and is one of the best specimens of American book-making that we have ever seen. Its exquisite beauty is alike creditable to the taste of the printers and the liberality of the publishers. Its value, moreover, is much enhanced by the insertion of a brief and very graceful memoir of Arthur Hallam, for which we presume that we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Fields.

A WORD of the neat and tasteful issue of Mrs. Browning's Poems (in "blue and gold") by James Miller, of New York, the more timely and acceptable, since the poet has sung her last song, and every note of her lyre is become doubly precious. It corresponds to the London edition of 1856, including also the "Poems before Congress," and the fugitive pieces published in the Cornhill Magazine and the Independent. Among the more attractive of these latter are "Little Mattie," "Mother and Poet," and "Parting Lovers."

JAMES G. GREGORY, of New York, is supplying a want that has long been felt. He is issuing rapidly a library edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, which, as to size, paper, type, binding, and illustrations, leaves nothing to be desired. Thirteen volumes have already been published; among which will be found the last, and in some respects the best, story of the genial and popular author of the "Pickwick Papers," — "Great Expectations." The admirers of Dickens will be safe in ordering this edition, which is as cheap as it is handsome.

THE friends of Theodore Parker, and all who are interested in the characteristic utterances of his mind, will be gratified with the neat little volume of his Prayers, phonographically taken down as he spoke them, kept as cherished memorials of his ministry, and now published, with a portrait, by Messrs. Walker, Wise, and Company.

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#### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

##### THEOLOGY, &C.

A Translation of the Syriac Peshito Version of the Psalms of David; with Notes, critical and explanatory. By the Rev. Andrew Oliver. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 12mo. pp. 331.

A Text-Book of Church History. By Dr. J. C. L. Gieseler. Translated and Edited by Henry B. Smith. Vol. IV. A. D. 1517 – 1648. The Reformation and its Results to the Peace of Westphalia. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 593.

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\* In Memoriam. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 4to. pp. xxvii. and 343.

Historical Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ; being the Hulsean Lectures for the Year 1859. With Notes. By C. J. Ellicott. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 381.

Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia. Revelation i. 11. By R. C. Trench. New York. 12mo. pp. 312.

The Book of Psalms, in Hebrew and English, arranged in Parallelism. Andover: W. F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 194.

Prayers. By Theodore Parker. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 200.

First Principles of Ethics, designed as a Basis for Instruction in Ethical Science in Schools and Colleges. By J. T. Champlin. Boston: Crosby Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 204.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Puritans; or, the Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins. Vol. III. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 675. (See p. 127.)

Tales of a Grandfather. History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With Notes. In Six Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. (Uniform with the beautiful "Household Waverley.")

The Constitutional History of England, since the Accession of George III. 1760 - 1860. By Thomas Erskine May, C. B. 2 vols. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. Vol. I. pp. 484. (See p. 133.)

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. With Additional Notes to Vols. I, II, III, IV., a Sketch of Lord Macaulay's Life and Writings, by S. Austin Allibone, and a complete Index to the entire Work. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 335.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Life and Adventures in the South Pacific. By a Roving Printer. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 361.

The Okavango River; a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure. By Charles John Andersson. With numerous Illustrations, and a Map of Southern Africa. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 414. (See p. 142.)

The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer; inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar. With an Autobiographical Memoir of the Author. Translated by H. W. Dulcken. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 281. (See p. 143.)

The Cotton Kingdom; a Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States; based upon three former Volumes of Journeys and Investigations by the same Author. By Frederick Law Olmsted. New York: Mason Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 376, 404. (See p. 137.)

#### NOVELS AND TALES.

Record of an Obscure Man. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 216. (See p. 141.)

Tales of the Day. No. 6. Boston: William Carter.

For Better for Worse. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. pp. 165.

Notice to Quit. By W. G. Wills. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 156.

The Artist's Married Life; being that of Albert Dürer, translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart. Revised Edition, with Memoir. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 16mo. pp. 204.

Works of Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Old Curiosity Shop. 3 vols. New York: James G. Gregory.

Lilliesleaf; being a concluding Series of Passages in the Life of Mrs. Mar-



garet Maitland, of Sunnyside. Written by herself. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. pp. 398.

## POETRY.

Songs in Many Keys. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 308.

Poems by John G. Saxe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. pp. 308. (Blue and gold.)

The Tragedy of Errors. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 249.

Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. From the last London Edition, corrected by the Author. 3 vols. New York: James Miller. 32mo. (Blue and gold.) (See p. 154.)

The British Poets. Poems of Lord Byron. 10 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Poems by William Allingham. First American Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. pp. 276. (Blue and gold.)

The Works of William Shakespeare, edited by Richard Grant White. Vols. IX., X., XI., XII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 12mo.

## JUVENILE.

The Magnet Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights. Illustrated. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 18mo. pp. 296.

Streaks of Light; or, Fifty-two Facts from the Bible for the Fifty-two Sundays of the Year. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 344.

Spectacles for Little Eyes. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 398. (A pleasant and well-illustrated account of the sights of Boston and its vicinity.)

The Stokesley Secret; or, How the Pig paid the Rent. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 245.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Spare Hours. By John Brown, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 458. (See p. 153.)

Lessons in Life. A series of Familiar Essays. By Timothy Titcomb. New York: C. Scribner. 12mo. pp. 344.

Woman's Rights under the Law. In Three Lectures. By Caroline H. Dall. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 164. (See p. 141.)

A Course of Six Lectures on the Chemical History of a Candle; to which is added a Lecture on Platinum. By Michael Faraday. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 223.

Asaph, or the Choir-Book; a Collection of Vocal Music, Sacred and Secular. By Lowell Mason and William Mason. New York: Mason Brothers. pp. 384.

## PAMPHLETS.

Two Dedication Sermons delivered in Wilton, N. H. By Rev. Jonathan Livermore, Jan. 5, 1775, and by Rev. A. A. Livermore, Jan. 10, 1861. New York: John A. Gray. pp. 33.

A Sermon preached at Cleveland, Ohio, before the A. B. C. F. M., at their Fifty-second Annual Meeting. By Richard S. Storrs, Jr. New York: J. A. Gray. pp. 45.

Our Sacrifices. A Sermon, preached Nov. 3, 1861, being the Sunday after the Funeral of Lieut. W. L. Putnam. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. pp. 23.

The Ship of State bound for Tarshish. A Sermon, preached in Sandwich, Nov. 21, 1861. By Henry Kimball. Boston: Rand and Avery. pp. 16.

The Position of our Species in the Path of its Destiny. New York: Charles Scribner. pp. 32.